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December 2, 1939

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Collier's

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Gallant Lady

BY
OCTAVUS
ROY COHEN

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The couple who were so terribly in love

A Christmas Story

HER NAME WAS Martha, and she kept a china pig in the bedroom. Every week she fed it a few coins and gave it an affectionate pat. "Take good care of them," she said; "they're for Tony's Christmas present."

Tony had a bank, too. A red fire house. And he slipped quarters down the chimney when he was sure Martha wasn't looking.

When Christmas came he put his arms around her and said, "I've bought you something beautiful, because you're the loveliest wife in the world. You'll never guess what!"

And she said, "I've bought you something accurate, because you're the most dependable husband in the world. You'll never guess what!"

Which is how it happens that they're both wearing Hamiltons now—and why they're more in love than ever!

* * *

This Christmas *Hamilton presents the most stunning men's strap models and the most beautiful women's watches in Hamilton's history. Hamilton makes only high-grade watches, $37.50 to $5000. See them at your jeweler's, or write for illustrated folder. Made in U. S. A. Important: All genuine diamond cased Hamilton watches are stamped Hamilton on the back of the case. Hamilton Watch Company, 952 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

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HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

ROSALIE. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. White decorative relief. Applied gold numerals . . $60

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MAXINE. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled, natural or white. With gold-filled bracelet $42.50

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ENDICOTT. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Black enamel numeral or luminous dial . . $37.50

BOWMAN. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. Spherical dial. Applied gold numerals . . $52.50

DUNKIRK. 19 jewels. Mirror lapped 14K natural gold. 18K applied gold numerals . . $125

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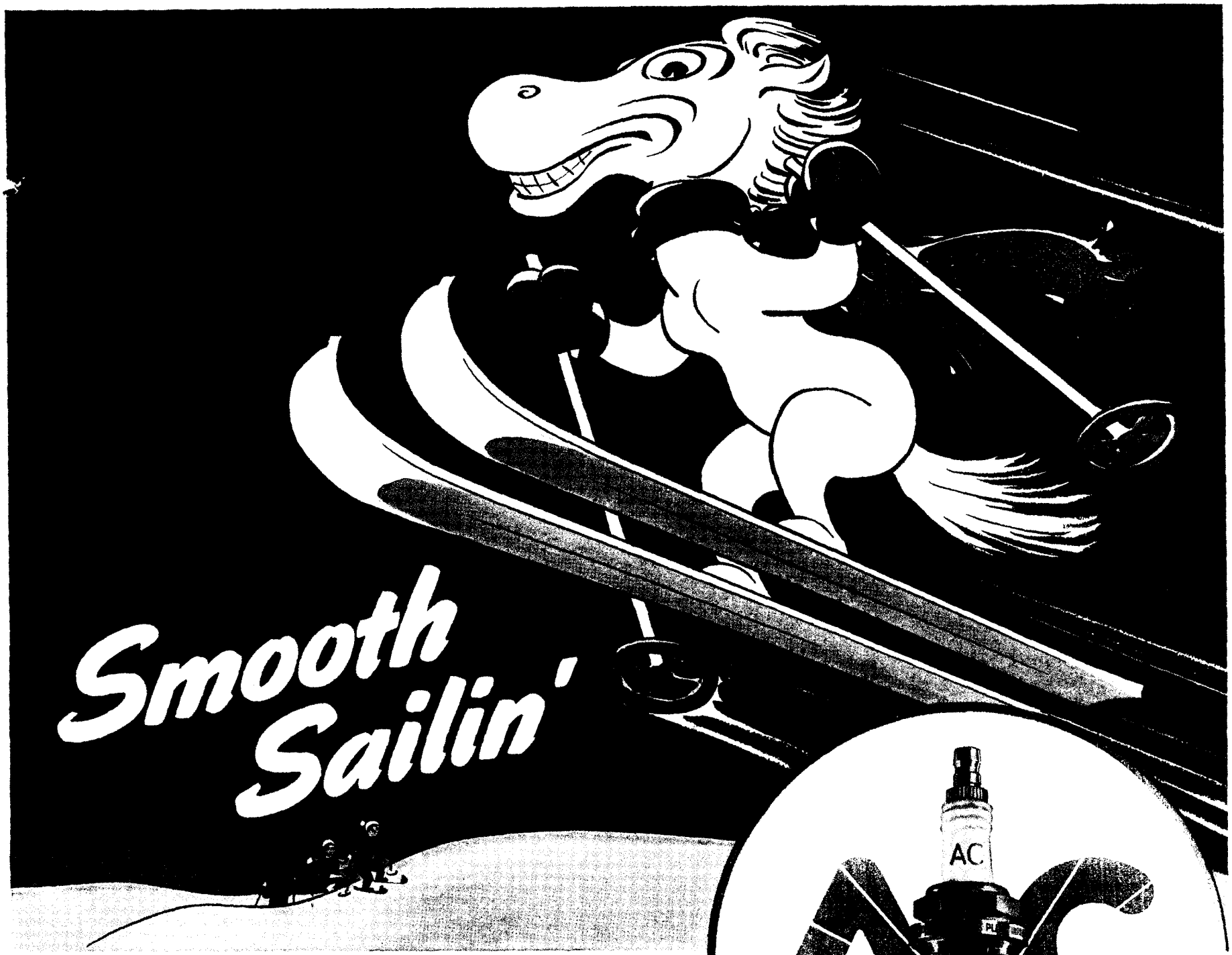

Clean Plugs mean *Quicker Starts* and *Better Driving* ALL WINTER

First on the list of common causes of cold-weather starting trouble, gas waste, and power loss, are dirty or worn spark plugs. So, it will pay you to have your spark plugs cleaned now and every 4,000 miles "by the AC Method." Higher octane gasolines, higher engine speeds, higher engine compressions and temperatures,—these all hurry along the formation of oxide coating, soot, and carbon. And they're the trouble makers. The place to have plugs cleaned and re-gapped is your neighborhood Registered AC Cleaning Station. The cost is only 5c a plug.

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

Look for this Sign

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

- for Thirty Years

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, La Salle, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.

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Editorial Director

Next Week

OUR job, in its simplest terms, is to tell you what's to be in the next issue. Ordinarily a completely agreeable chore, but lately we've been leading a precarious sort of life. Our far-flung staff of foreign correspondents, gaily unconcerned with the exigencies of printing production, continue to pop their last-minute articles into this office by radio, cable and telephone, and we, of course, pop them into print for you with equal celerity. Our grievance, as you might guess, lies in the fact that this column—the office stepchild—has to appear a whole week in advance of the issue it tries to tell you about. And just about the time it gets to rolling through the presses something unforeseen manages to turn up.

THIS week it was a forty-five page cablegram from our premier globe-trotter, Mr. W. B. Courtney, who is now reporting from Berlin, whither he hastened when war was declared. Some fast action was called for. It meant revision of our already made-up December 9th issue and it meant, as well, doing this column all over again right in the teeth of waiting presses and raging pressmen.

THE next task was to translate Mr. Courtney's "cablese" into the bubbling English for which we are noted. Cablese is the curious language used by reporters who are trying to save time and money; cable tolls mount rapidly on lengthy messages. Transmission cost of this article was by no means a record for Mr. Courtney, however, who once cabled a little masterpiece from Manila at a cost of $750. As to cablese—"They only unknow." That means, of course, "Not only do they not know. . . ." Concerning Berlin's black-outs: "Big naughty deed pops kopf offense minor daylight well fellow Munich other nite snatched purse ten years hard labor." That translates: "One big naughty deed and off comes your head. As to offenses that would ordinarily be considered minor in daylight—well, a fellow in Munich snatched a purse the other night and got ten years at hard labor." Cable styles differ, naturally, as much as literary styles among writers. Our Frank Gervasi, who writes in this issue on the British Air Force in France, is a proficient condenser. Winston Churchill, now Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty and much too busy to write articles nowadays, always sent his copy verbatim, down to the last comma and semicolon.

Collier's

December 2, 1939

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This Week

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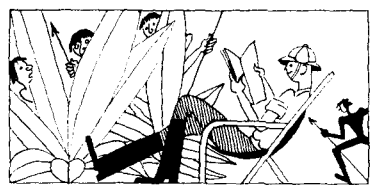
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion about what one does while waiting for an attack by Motoloni Indians in the Barranquilla district, Colombia, South America. Sometime ago Mr. Thomas N. Whitford, engineering in that remote area, informed us that, as the dangerous Motolonis approached, bent upon bloodshed, reading Collier's lent one fortitude and relaxed the tautest nerves. But Mr. Jesse H. Austin, an engineering comrade of Mr. Whitford at Barranquilla, says that the custom is, when the savages approach, to lay down Collier's and reach for one's Bible. Personally we'd prefer a serviceable shotgun. Anyway, Mr. Austin has read us "in planes 10,000 feet up, in camps strung over 200 miles of wilderness, in nine foreign countries."



A MR. PICKUP (we're sure we got the name right) sat opposite us flying to San Antonio, and it wasn't Mr. Pickup's fault if we weren't entertained. He said, among other instructive things, that in a New York drugstore window he saw a sign reading: "Prescriptions filled, cigars, cigarettes, toilet goods and soda. Time Payments."

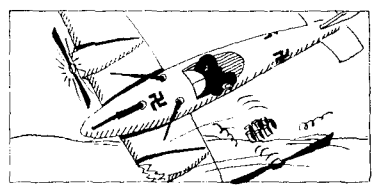
WE GOT to talking to a Mr. Dotemus in Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Dotemus lives in Letcher County, Kentucky. He told us that the man he's going to vote for for President next year hasn't been mentioned yet. "His hat maybe won't be in the ring," said Mr. Dotemus, "because he's likely not to have a hat. I'm not talking about any man in particular except to say I'm hoping somebody's going to nominate a hillbilly—an honest-to-God hillbilly and not one of those housebroke ones you see in Congress. The only thing that's got more common sense than a hillbilly is his mule and I guess maybe it wouldn't be constitutional to name a mule although we've done worse."

WHEN our plane was about to land at Abe Shushan's airport in New Orleans, the steward, Mr. Robert Robertson, announced that we'd be on the ground ten minutes. And Mr. Pickup, who'd been telling us all about Louisiana's hijack government, added in a loud voice: "Yeah, if it's still here."

IN MONTGOMERY, Alabama, Mr. Moe Marcus, who conducts popular street-corner broadcasts, told us that his business has been badly complicated by the war. Mr. Marcus and his microphone attract large crowds of ladies and gentlemen eager to get on the air. "Used to be," said Mr. Marcus, "that they were all mike-shy. But they got over that. Today they all want to answer somebody—Mrs. Roosevelt or Lindbergh or Hitler. And if I try to argue with them, tell them about the rules, they accuse me of being anti-Semitic. Me!"

WHICH reminds us: We've just received a questionnaire from the Awaken Spiritual America League of Los Angeles, California. We got as far as the second question and flunked. The first asked, "Are you Jew or Gentile?" the second, "Which do you prefer?" So we didn't get to the third, which wanted to know: "What induced you to change?"

AND presently we found ourselves at a somewhat impromptu meeting of commercial airplane pilots who were pretty indignant. Someone had released the rumor that England was offering American pilots $8,000 to fly her Yankee-made bombers from Newfoundland to Scotland. Whereupon someone who seemed to know all the regulations reported that the pilots who took such jobs would have to surrender their American licenses because they'd be working for a nation at war. The lads listened sorrowfully.



Things had got to a pretty pass when an American citizen wasn't allowed to pick up a little sucker money—and no danger involved. They all expressed great contempt for Mr. Hitler's planes. They told us that Mr. Hitler's planes were jerry-built and their engines would shake out if flown at maximum speed for six consecutive hours.

ANYWAY, a jocund soul named A. Hitler was arrested in Memphis, Tennessee, according to Mr. John B. Corkey. "Mr. Hitler had a hangover, a busted nose and no money. He happened, too, to be colored. So the judge turned him loose."

WRONG one, anyway. W. D.

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What Happens After Your Car Starts Quick?

Get Easy Starts Without Sacrificing Engine Safety, Engine Cleanliness, Oil Economy! Change to MOBILOIL ARCTIC!

QUICK STARTS ARE SIMPLE! The *big* danger comes *after* starting when ordinary light oil may become *dangerously thin.*

This never happens to "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic. It flows fast for easy starts...yet *retains its rich film* under high heat to give *Balanced Protection*—to resist wear, carbon, gum, sludge, "oil drag."

Get the world's favorite—Mobiloil Arctic (SAE 20-20W)...Mobiloil Arctic Special (SAE 10-10W) for *sub-zero* weather.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
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1 ENGINE FULLY PROTECTED! Grimy, dirt-thickened summer oil comes out. Crankcase is flushed clean...refilled with "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic—positive resistance against engine heat as well as cold.

2 RADIATOR MADE SAFE! It's drained of scaly summer water—cleansed with Mobil Radiator Flush—then refilled with fresh water and rust-resisting, corrosion-resisting Mobil Freezone...the better anti-freeze that petroleum made possible.

3 GEARS SHIFT EASILY! Thick summer gear oil removed from transmission and differential—replaced with exactly the right grade of wear-resisting Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil for quick shifting, complete safety.

4 CHASSIS PROTECTED from wear! Special Winter Mobilgrease safeguards over 45 vital parts—resists squeezing, washing out—stays on the job to give bumper-to-bumper winter protection despite snow and slush.

5 MOTOR FIRES FAST with 1940 Winter Mobilgas in the tank. Especially adjusted for cold weather, it gives you quick winter starts, fast winter warm-ups...plus power, pep, mileage—all in one great winter gasoline.

WINTERPROOF TODAY AND CHANGE TO—

Mobiloil Arctic

Mobilgas

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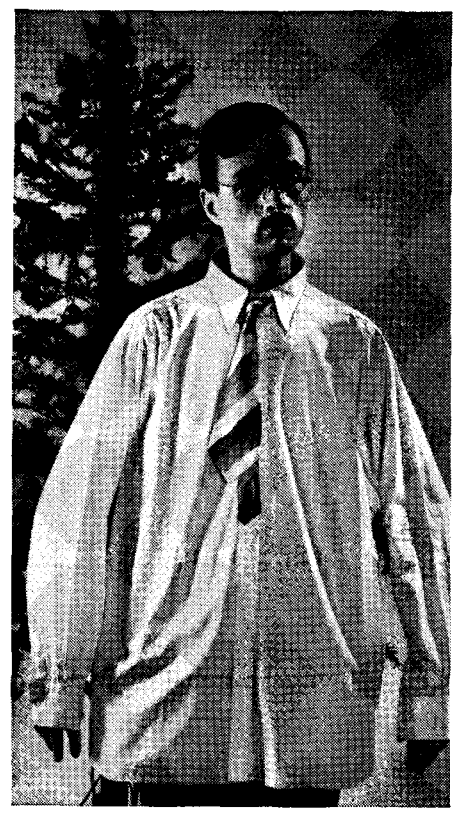
3 brickbats and 1 bouquet from last Christmas

BIG ED DEXTER'S 1938 gift shirts shrank to his little boy's size in one wash. "Gosh," said Ed, "why don't people give me Sanforized Arrows!" The fabric of Arrow Shirts *won't shrink even 1%!*



LITTLE TED GARRETT sighed, "This shirt my sister sent fits my torso like a tent. Oh, Christmas, how I could use some Arrows!" Arrow Shirts are *Mitoga cut*, shaped the way a man is built.

"ALL A LAUNDRESS has to do is touch this shirt and buttons come off!" roared Bob Wilson. Obviously Mrs. Wilson didn't give Arrows, whose patented button-stay *anchors* buttons on!

"SWELL!" said Ken Jones about the Arrow Dart Shirts he got. Dart's Arrow collar looks starched without starch and wears miraculously! ($2.25.) For a dandy gift give *any* Arrow Shirt. $2, up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A 3,000-hole punchboard, which costs only $8, takes in $300 at ten cents a punch. Although it is supposed to pay out $100 in prizes, an unscrupulous owner, using his secret key to it, can easily punch out five holes that pay a total of $75.

When purchased by any organization other than a hospital or a scientific laboratory, a 55-gallon drum of pure alcohol, which sells for $15, carries a federal tax of $235.—*By C. A. Caldwell, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Many navies now use a torpedo that appears to be aimed at a point far ahead or far behind its target but, after going some distance, suddenly makes a right or left swing and strikes before its objective can turn away.

Although nearly five thousand alien physicans have entered this country in the past ten years, there are still no laws nor regulations of medical examining boards in California, Arizona, Indiana, Vermont or the District of Columbia that require such doctors to be citizens, or even file first papers, to secure a license to practice.

The giant redwood trees in California and Oregon have never been known to die a natural death.—*By Bernice R. Dube, Brooklyn, New York.*

The number of American veterans receiving compensation for nervous and mental diseases legally attributed to the last war has increased annually and will continue to do so, for many years. For example, it has grown from 55,000 to nearly 68,000 in the past decade.

The only Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church who ever rode on a railroad train while Pope was Pius IX, who reigned from 1846 to 1878.—*By Eleanor D. Newman, New York, New York.*

Under a pressure of 300,000 pounds per square inch, hydrogen passes freely through a steel plate two inches thick.—*By Lloyd A. Porter, Houston, Texas.*

Florida has a law that forbids a married woman to manage a business until a court of inquiry has studied and passed upon her competency. Furthermore, she has to pay the cost of the proceedings.

In memory of the dogs, cats and other pets that are buried or cremated on its grounds each week, a pet cemetery in Los Angeles publishes obituaries of these animals in a Sunday newspaper. Written and signed by the bereaved owner, the notices often include such expressions as "Bubbles—I could not have loved you more."—*By H. D. Marshall, Laguna Beach, California.*

The greatest salvage job in history, to which the British navy devoted eight years, making more than five thousand dives, was the recovery of $24,800,000 worth of gold from the wreck of the White Star liner Laurentic, which struck a mine and sank in 120 feet of water off the north Irish coast in 1917.

Keratin is one of the oddest substances produced in human and animal bodies. Not only is it the chemical basis and an essential ingredient in such soft appendages as wool, fur, hair and feathers, but also in such hard ones as horns, hoofs, nails, claws and shells.

Despite the widespread change in governments since the World War, eight hundred millions persons, or forty per cent of the entire population of the globe, still are governed by kings, queens, emperors and other monarchs.

France now has a volunteer corps of approximately two hundred "flying nurses," women skilled in parachute-jumping as well as nursing who are ready at a moment's notice to be flown and dropped, with their medical kits, at points where their services are urgently needed.

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Doesn't anybody YAWN any more?

HAVE THEY DISAPPEARED from the face of the earth? . . . the yawn-smotherers, the shoulder-shruggers, those blasé souls who can't get a thrill any more?

Or does something happen to them when they walk into a Packard showroom?

For we've yet to discover the man or woman who can gaze at this new speed-streamed Packard, and not get as enthusiastic as a press agent!

And Packard's pulse-quickening new beauty is only part of 1940's most exciting motor car story.

What's new? What isn't?

This year, you'll have to scrap your standards of value and get yourself a bright new set.

For with its 4-year expansion program behind it, with factory costs reduced in hundreds of ways—*Packard has made $867* bring you the best-looking, best-performing, biggest-value Packard in all Packard's history!*

Slip into that luxurious driver's seat, set yourself for action—and you'll soon see just what we mean.

Touch the accelerator, *and watch things happen!* For this glamorous new Packard has so much more power per pound of automobile weight that it makes your usual transportation seem pokey!

Now hit for the back country—the home of the forgotten roads. Take even the worst stretch of broken-down macadam in your stride. To your utter amazement, that pitted road will flow under your wheels almost as smoothly as though it were level as a card table!

No other car can match this ride—for no other car has Packard's improved Safe-T-fleX suspension, the envy of the automotive industry!

And if you want still another thrill, wait till dark and switch on those new Packard Sealed Beam lamps—that bring near-daylight to the roads at night.

Yes, if you don't see and drive a new 1940 Packard, you'll miss the greatest motor car sensation that ever brightened a value-conscious world!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

LOWEST PRICES IN PACKARD HISTORY

new 1940 PACKARD

$867

*AND UP, delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra
Prices subject to change without notice

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Straight from the kettle.. TASTE

Please Don't Add A Thing To This Thick, Old-Fashioned Heinz Vegetable Soup; There's Goodness Cooked Right In!

TO TAMPER with that irresistible vegetable soup grandma used to ladle forth from her stout tureen was considered sheer *heresy!* And that's how you'll feel about *Heinz* Vegetable Soup, too. For like every one of Heinz 23 Home-style Soups, it's cooked lingeringly—in small batches—to coax out all the bewitching flavors of each perfect vegetable. Won't you try Heinz Vegetable Soup with its hefty beef stock? It's ready to serve—ready to warm you to the heart with its delectable *brewed-in* goodness!

Copr. 1939 H. J. Heinz Co.

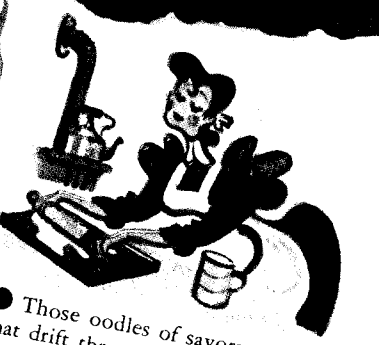
HEINZ *Vegetable* SOUP

GUESTS AT YOUR TABLE FOR 70 YEARS

● Let that old mammy in the gaudy kerchief taste Heinz Chicken Gumbo (Creole) Soup and watch her *beam* with approval! A rich chicken broth with rice, okra, tomato, celery and tender bits of chicken, it's a favorite popular South, North, East and West.

● Velvety and versatile—that's Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! It's a marvelous mainstay for lunch—a delicious prelude to dinner. We prepare it from Heinz buxom, blushing pedigreed tomatoes, exquisite Oriental spices, and cream so thick a spoon would stand in it!

● Enjoy your favorite home-style soups *away* from home, too! Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen (in soda fountains, luncheonettes and restaurants everywhere) heats a savory, steaming bowlful of soup to order in two minutes flat. It's done—as you watch—in an electric soup cup.



● Those oodles of savory egg noodles that drift through the golden depths of Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup are made by Heinz own chefs! Liberally enriched with succulent bits of chicken, this old-time treat makes a tremendous hit with the whole family. Why not have some for the children's lunch *tomorrow?*

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Collier's The National Weekly for December 2, 1939

IOLA FREE LIBRARY IOLA KANSAS

Gallant Lady

By Octavus Roy Cohen

What the gossips did not know about that girl who was staying out at Steve Carey's plantation

THE headlines of the few evening papers in the state told the story concisely: "EIGHT WOMEN ESCAPE FROM STATE PRISON FARM—ROSEMARY WALSH VANISHES"—"ROSEMARY WALSH, MERCY KILLER, ESCAPES FROM PRISON FARM"—"HUNT ON FOR NURSE ROSEMARY WALSH, FAMOUS MERCY KILLER."

The stories which followed those headlines were not particularly thrilling. The women had been working on the farm and they had disappeared. Presumably there had been outside help. There had been no violence, no drama. The eight women had walked into a patch of woods adjoining the farm and hadn't come back. The only reason the story rated as much space as it did was because Rosemary Walsh was among the missing prisoners.

Rosemary Walsh, Registered Nurse, had come in for a good deal of publicity during her trial. Metropolitan newspapers and press associations had sent feature writers down to the sleepy Southern city to cover the story of this attractive young nurse who confessed to a mercy killing. Her conviction, followed by a sentence of five years in prison, had been greeted by the citizens of the state with mixed emotions: half of the populace said it served her right, the other half was deeply sympathetic. But whatever their feelings, they forgot about her after she was sent to the prison farm.

Most folks who had followed the case fancied that they had a pretty fair idea of what she looked like, though actually few of them did. Those who condemned her thought of her as a Borgia, those who sympathized pictured her as a saint. And no one of the nineteen passengers who stretched their cramped legs in the bus station at Palmetto City preparatory to resuming their hot, tiresome journey southward suspected that the quiet, demure little girl who unobtrusively joined them was the notorious Rosemary Walsh.

She was simply and quietly dressed in dark blue; she was of average height and average coloring. She was nice-looking, but not so pretty as to attract attention. True, her soft brown

"Some day soon," Steve said with a grin, "I'll drive up to Palmetto City and get you some female clothes. Meanwhile you look cute—and a trifle lost"

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eyes were alert, her slim body was tense, her step just a little nervous. But once the tired travelers were herded back into the bus, Rosemary Walsh was simply another passenger.

The day had been pretty bad—hot and humid and nerve-racking. The escape itself had been exciting because of the danger implicit in it. The changing into clothes which had been provided for her, the apprehension which assailed her every time anyone looked in her direction, the doubt as to what might be her wisest course, the desire for freedom and the fear of being a fugitive . . . those things had taken toll of her body and her nerves. But now, with the huge bus purring along the broad concrete state highway, she relaxed.

The motion of the bus was soothing, the night air pleasant after the stifling heat of the summer day. Most of the passengers were sleeping. For the first time Rosemary experienced a feeling of safety, and of hope. She dozed.

Just how long she slept, she didn't know. She didn't know, either, what caused the accident. She only knew that she was awakened by a crash, by a splintering of wood and the dreadful sound of steel being wrenched and torn. There was a lurch, a horrible pitching through the air, an instant of ghastly silence; then a scream of agony and another and another until the night air was hideous with the outcries of human beings.

THE bus was on its side and the window which should have been on a level with her was grotesquely up in the air. Rosemary Walsh was bruised, but she could move, and she clambered upward and out through the window of the wrecked bus. The bus had smashed into the end of a concrete bridge which spanned a tiny stream. A man clambered through another window and stood by her. Blood was running down over his face from a scalp wound and he stared helplessly at the wreckage. A woman picked herself up from the ground and started to cry.

Rosemary Walsh was calm. She spoke to the man and woman and her voice was steady. She said, "We've got to start getting them out."

They looked at her in bewilderment, and her voice crackled authoritatively.

The next few minutes were pretty bad. The more severely injured were suffering unbelievably, the others were panicky and hysterical. It was Rosemary Walsh who was steady, it was Rosemary Walsh who organized and directed the first-aid work, it was Rosemary Walsh who flagged down the little coupé which came along and talked to the two men—one squat and broad, the other tall and rangy—who leaped out. Rosemary asked, "How far are we from a hospital?"

The squat, broad man didn't waste words. He said, "Twenty-seven miles, about."

"Get doctors and nurses. Get ambulances—as quick as you can. Tell them to bring morphine, dressings, splints and stimulants."

The stranger turned to his rangy companion. He said, "You heard her, George. Step on it!"

George leaped into the car and whizzed off down the road toward the little town of Karnak. The big man said quietly to Rosemary, "You tell me what to do."

"Help me drag them out. Maybe first aid will save some."

"Anybody killed?"

"I've found three. It's the living ones we've got to look out for." They climbed into the bus. She said, "There's no doctor nearer than twenty-seven miles?"

"One. Back yonder in the swamp. Just about six miles from here. Bad road."

"Stop the first car that comes along and send for him. Morphine and dressings—all he's got."

She went on working. The big man left her for a few minutes. He stopped another car. The driver of the car looked at the smashed bus and said, "Gee!" Then he said to the broad-shouldered man, "Hi, Sheriff."

Sheriff Jim Verner of Karnak County wasted no words. He said, "Go to Steve Carey's place. Tell the doc what's happened, and to come quick. Tell him to bring everything he's got."

"Okay." The man waved, swung his little car around and rolled off into the blackness of Four Holes Swamp. Jim Verner went back to the bus.

Rosemary was working now with the efficiency, concentration and impersonality of the professional nurse. She gave orders, and her orders were obeyed.

After a time, the man who had driven into the swamp for Dr. Stephen Carey came back. The doctor followed in his own car. Rosemary looked up at the tall, attractive young man and asked, "You're a doctor?"

"Yes."

She gestured toward a spot where three figures lay side by side. "You'd better look at them first. I did the best I could."

He had morphine with him and he turned it over to her while he directed his efforts to treating the more serious wounds. She administered hypodermics, relieving torture and making the outcries less horrible. They worked tensely and fast and well, these two: the young doctor who lived in a Southern swamp and the young nurse who that morning had escaped from prison. They were still working when automobiles and an ambulance, doctors and nurses, and private cars and helpers raced in from Karnak. And not until the desperately injured had been attended to, and all had started for the little town twenty-seven miles away, did Dr. Steve Carey relax. He stood looking down at the tired, slim figure of Rosemary Walsh and he said, "Nice work."

Jim Verner strolled up and said, "I'm rollin' along into Karnak, Steve. Comin'?"

"Yes. They may need me."

The sheriff left in his car. Steve Carey put his hand on the girl's arm. "Better come along with me."

She got into the car with him, and they headed down the highway, away from the scene of the disaster. He said, in his quiet, pleasant voice, "I figure you saved at least three lives. Maybe four."

She knew she was dirty and dishevelled, but she was too exhausted to do anything about it. Steve Carey said, "Close your eyes and relax. We may be pretty busy again."

But they weren't. The county hospital at Karnak was small, but modern. There were routine things to be done, proper setting of broken bones, antitetanus serum to be injected, a few operations, but they had no need for Rosemary and little for Dr. Carey. She was in the lobby when he came out, and he smiled down at her. He said, "Come along."

She went without a word. He helped her into his car and they were on the state highway again before either of them spoke. Once more they were enfolded by the night. Pine barrens on the left and the beginnings of Four Holes Swamp on the right. The monotone of swamp noises was soothing now, and Rosemary hated to break the silence. But finally she asked, "Where are you taking me?"

"Home."

"To your house?"

"Yes. I have a plantation on the other side of the swamp." He was looking straight ahead. He said, "My name is Stephen Carey."

She hesitated, and then said: "Mine is—"

"I know," he said. "You're Rosemary Walsh. I heard about you today on the radio."

Quietly. Simply. Just like that. She was too fagged to show surprise, too drained emotionally to feel fear. So she only asked, "Why are you taking me with you?"

"Where else would you go?"

"I don't know. . . ."

HE WAS silent for a while. When he spoke again his tone was calmly conversational. "I'm really a farmer," he explained. "Inherited the plantation a couple of years after I graduated from medical school. There wasn't anything to do but to take hold . . . you can't sell plantations these days. I keep up my studies because I like medicine, but my only practice is with the poor folks who live in the swamp. Why did you run away from prison?"

His casual, friendly way of asking the question brought a quiet answer. "I was caught in it," she explained. "I didn't want to. . . . I've always thought that perhaps they'd pardon me."

"But you did run off."

"Yes. I simply happened to be one of the group. There were some men in cars and they picked us up. They were afraid to leave me there. The men had clothes for all of us. They gave me these. And some money."

"And after you got away . . . ?"

"It felt nice to be free again. I knew they'd never believe my story—that I hadn't wanted to run away. So it seemed natural to keep going."

He swung off the highway onto a twisting corduroy road that wound through swamp blackness. He said, "My place isn't as bad as you might think from the road that leads to it. It's on the river. I live alone. A Negro couple takes care of me. They're trustworthy."

He was trying to make her feel better. She said, "I don't want you to do anything you shouldn't. . . ."

"Nobody pays any attention to what I do. I was only explaining what you're running into."

"But why . . . ?"

"Because you ought to have time to think."

Her eyes grew moist, perhaps because she hadn't encountered kindness in so long a time. She said, "I really was guilty, you know."

"Mind talking about it? I read what the newspapers said, but they were more concerned about the heroic side than the medical."

"The old lady had cancer of the stomach," she said. "It had spread to the lungs. You know what that means."

He nodded gravely. "Yes. Condition hopeless. Agony acute."

"You don't know how much she suffered," Rosemary said. "A doctor never knows, because he only sees his patient a few minutes at a time. Sitting there hour after hour and day after day . . . knowing the poor soul didn't have a chance to get well . . . knowing that it might drag on for a month or two . . . knowing that the doctor himself said it was hopeless. . . ." Rosemary took a fresh grip on herself. "She wanted to die, Dr. Carey. She begged the doctor to end her suffering. She begged me."

"I know . . . I've seen cases like that." His tone became more professional in an effort to steady her. "What was she getting?"

"A quarter of morphine three times a day. And one day I gave her two grains. She died."

"Respiratory paralysis."

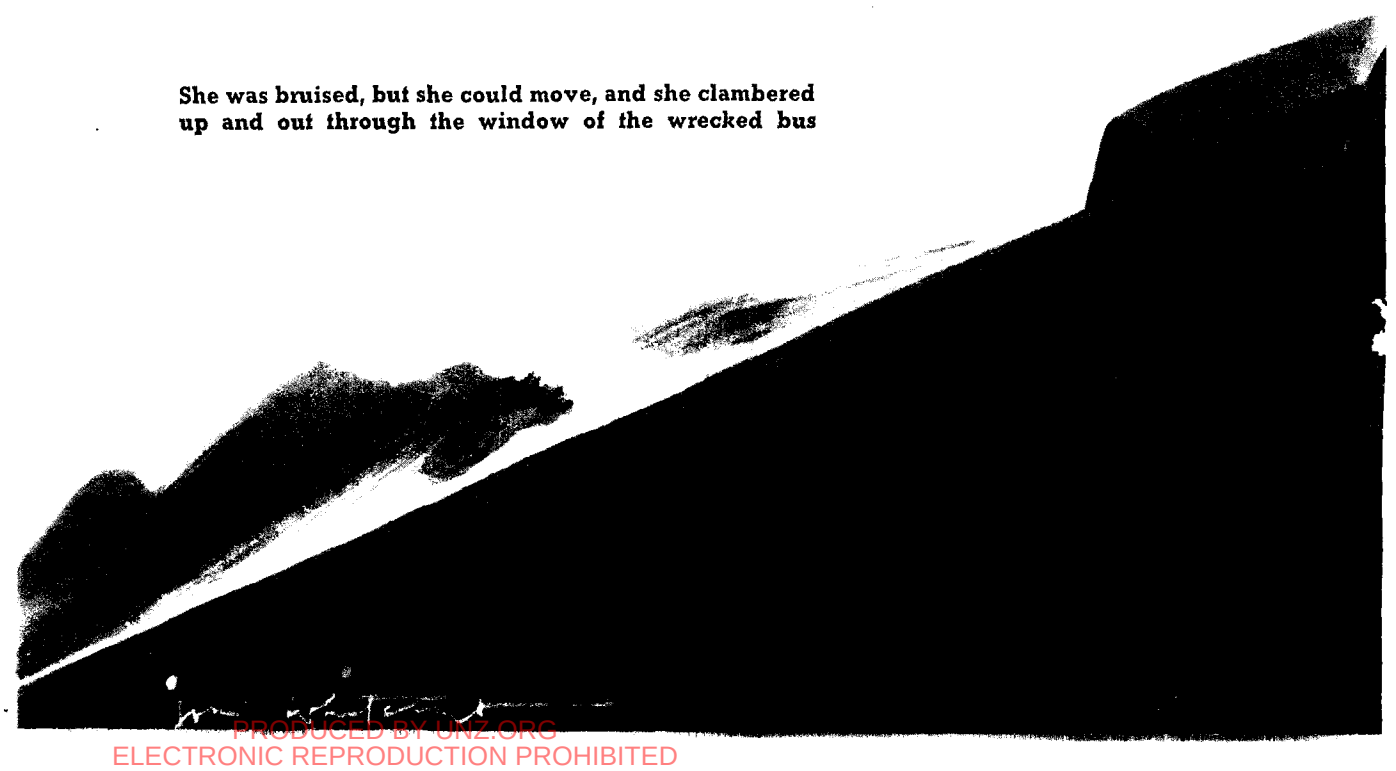
"Her death was easy. Believe me, it was even beautiful after what she'd been through. I didn't feel sorry then—and I'm not sorry now. I suppose—"

"That I blame you? No. Certainly not for what was done, but perhaps a little for the fact that you did it. The world is still debating this question of giving doctors the power of life and death. No nurse is qualified to have it. How did they find out?"

"The old lady's sister," explained Rosemary. "It was a house case—not hospital. I fixed the hypos in the kitchen. The sister saw me put eight morphine tablets in the hypo instead of the one I usually used. She remembered later. Dr. Grainger did all he could to help me when the case was tried . . . but he told the truth, and that was enough."

Carey said, "You told the truth, too."

"Of course."



She was bruised, but she could move, and she clambered up and out through the window of the wrecked bus

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He looked down at her and smiled slightly. "What name would you have used if anyone had asked?"

"Ann Roberts."

"All right, Ann. We're almost home."

The road mounted a little, and she saw that they were skirting fertile agricultural country. The swamp was behind them now. He said, "Yonder she is . . . on the edge of the river."

The plantation house with its severe ante-bellum architecture was half concealed by magnificent live oaks and cypress.

Beyond a line of longleaf pine she saw silhouettes; the servants' house, and the cabins of the field hands.

The night was broken into by the barking of a dog. Steve Carey said, "That's Elsie Dinsmore, the best bird dog in this whole state."

Elsie Dinsmore's vocal delight at her master's return brought an elderly and sleepy Negro staggering from the servants' house. He called, "That you, Mistuh Steve?"

"It is, Genesis. We've got company."

Genesis came close to the car, looked at Rosemary and touched his forehead. "Yassuh, Mistuh Steve," he said, "we suttinly has."

"This is Miss Ann Roberts. She'll be staying here for a few days. Tell Sarah to fix the guest room."

"Sho' will, suh."

"And Genesis . . . tell Sarah it'd be just as well if you didn't do much talking about Miss Roberts being here."

"I comprehen', Mistuh Steve. I suttinly do comprehen'."

"Which," smiled Steve as the Negro walked off, "is just exactly what he doesn't do. Fortunately."

Rosemary was too tired to care just then what Genesis did or did not comprehend. All she wanted was bed, and old Sarah had scarcely closed her door behind her before she was asleep.

In the morning she was awakened by the light touch of a hand and saw Sarah's ebony countenance smiling down at her. "It done come ten o'clock, honey. Mistuh Steve say heah's yo' breakfas' an' I better had waken you up."

She sat up in bed and put the tray on her lap. She drank her orange juice and sipped the steaming coffee. She ate the hominy grits and the garnishment of crisp bacon. She tasted biscuits so light as to be almost impalpable . . . and she found herself wishing that she might never again have to face facts.

Sarah returned with an armful of clothes. She said, "These heah is Mistuh Steve's. He says maybe they is big enough fo' you."

Sarah helped her pin up the loose flannel trousers and the ample shirt. When she walked

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY
JON WHITCOMB

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Two Worlds

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE cross-state highway came out of the hills in one perfectly engineered curve, made its straightaway dash past the McLaren house, across the meadow, and vanished through a deep cut in the hills again.

A modest sign at the front of the house said: "Home-cooked meals." All around the meadow, pines rose green and feather-painted against summer's sky; in the dry air the resin scent of the pines was very strong. Mrs. McLaren placed noon's meal on the kitchen table and at the doorway Lila McLaren watched her father come from the mowing machine and Jim Driscoll walk down from the cordwood cutting in the east pines.

It was Jim Driscoll she really watched, thinking: "When will he ask me?" He advanced on the porch at a long-swinging gait, impelled by a young man's sense of haste. His hair was black and sweat-wet, his face brown-burnt, his eyes thoughtfully blue. As he passed Lila he gave her a quick side glance and went on to the table. Lila thought, "He's really shy," and heard a car stop in a scatter of roadside gravel. She found two women waiting in the front room. One of these said:

"A sandwich—any kind of a sandwich—and coffee. Could you please hurry?"

Lila switched on the radio for them and returned to the kitchen. Her father said: "You ought to be hearing about that wood contract pretty soon, Jim."

"Should—soon."

"Fix you up fine if you get it."

Lila took the sandwiches and coffee to the front room. One of the women was speaking: "Three hundred miles to Reno. Wouldn't change your mind would you, Jeanette?"

Jeanette said: "Benny likes novelty and after a year of marriage I'm no longer a novelty." She was in a gray tailored suit; she was perfectly finished in every outward detail. But the wisdom of her eyes was hard and restless and pointless.

Lila returned to the kitchen. She poured Jim Driscoll's coffee and her arm touched his shoulder. The radio was saying: "Warsaw was bombed three times this morning. The French army is attacking the Siegfried Line . . ."

The men were finished with the meal. At the doorway Lila watched Jim Driscoll roll a cigarette as he crossed the meadow. She moved to the front room, snapped off the noisy radio and took payment from the Reno-bound women. She watched their car streak along the straightaway and vanish. In the afternoon's drowse was the steady shutter of the mower and the ringing echoes of Jim Driscoll's ax.

At four o'clock the phone rang three short times and Lila, answering it, heard Frank Willard's voice: "Lila? You tell Jim he got the wood contract. Tell him to come to town tomorrow to sign it."

Lila looked a moment in the kitchen mirror and smoothed her hair and walked quickly across the meadow. This was what he had waited for. Now he'd ask. Her mind considered everything quickly, thoroughly. Jim had hay enough for his cows. He had good Wyandotte chickens. From his garden she'd can the winter's food. His house would need nothing her hands couldn't make. Never would they be in need. She climbed the hill and waited for the steady "swash-swash" of his saw to stop; and said: "Frank Willard wants you to come to town tomorrow and sign the wood contract."

He only nodded, for it would have embarrassed him to show how much the news really meant. But in his eyes Lila saw the stir of excitement and the rising impulse and she said to herself, sweet and pleased: "Now he'll ask." Yet he didn't. His head dropped and his shoulders swung with the saw. Lila returned to the house and for the first time she felt afraid. Why didn't he speak?

A state patrol car streaked across the straightaway and truckers rumbled steadily by and presently it was suppertime, with McLaren coming in with his team. At the kitchen doorway Lila watched Jim Driscoll ride toward his house a mile away. . . .

Supper was done and darkness pressed on the meadow, one velvet layer upon another. Lila trimmed and lighted the lamps. McLaren had turned on the radio. He sat before the kitchen table, sucking his pipe over the night's paper. Lila heard the front door's jingle and went forward to find a man in the front room. He said: "Pipe tobacco?"

The radio said: "Today President Roosevelt proclaimed our neutrality . . ."

The man paid for his tobacco and left.

JIM DRISCOLL'S horse set up a nearing "clip-clop" on the hill road. Lila stood with her hands on the kitchen table and hope and fear were sharp currents darting through her. She caught her mother's eyes and her mother said promptly, "Time for bed, Tom," and in a moment both her parents went up the stairs. Her mother looked back, nodding.

Jim Driscoll was at the doorway. He had shaved and put on his good clothes. He said, "Another day," and took time to roll a cigarette.

The radio was still speaking:

"German submarines have sunk two more freighters . . ."

"You know why I'm here," said Jim Driscoll.

Lila said, "Wait," and turned into the front room to stop the noise of the radio. She stood still by the radio and pride made her straight, because now she knew how it would be. She returned to the kitchen.

"It's all right?" asked Jim Driscoll.

"Yes."

"The wood contract will take us through the year. I owe nothing and I've got my place. We could cut the whole world off and get by. We've got nothing to fear."

In his eyes, when he came toward her, was the expression she wanted to see. It held his desire and it was the mirror of her wants. He would never look at any other woman as he looked at her this moment and she would never see in any other man the things she saw in him. His kiss, when he took it, was all that she had dreamed it might be.

"What is there to fear?" she said long afterward. "We have everything."

Lila said to herself, sweet and pleased, "Now he'll ask"

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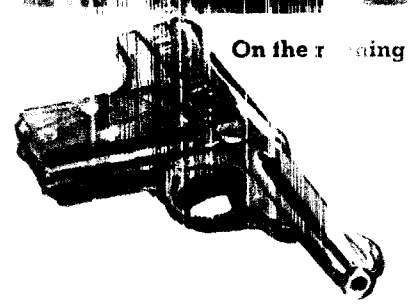
On the r ning board, smashing the gun away from him, he spun the steering wheel



STICK-UP

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

In which two good cops pay all scores—with each other

NOON . . .

It was a fine spring day. Even in the tiny park square, cut off sharply on all four sides by tall office buildings and glittering streams of two-way traffic, you could feel this spring, you could almost touch it in the air. You could hear it in the cries of the children who were everywhere—leggy ones roller-skating on ribbons of winding concrete, small ones toddling on the grass, smallest ones of all big-eyed and solemnly crowing in their carriages. There was just one bench set apart from the others—at the end of the walk, in a small open space of grass and sunshine. That was taken too. Three men sat on it.

They were young men. Two of them were smoking cigarettes, and the third had a blade of grass between his thumbs. By placing it lengthwise across his lips and blowing on it he produced an odd sound—half whine, half whistle. A little boy in blue-and-white rompers, bare-kneed, stopped to listen to it, and the man on the end of the bench ceased talking. The one with the bit of grass threw it away. He said: "Come on, kid. Scram."

The little boy stared at him and at the grass, then went away slowly, looking back over his shoulder. When they were alone again the man on the end of the bench leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees. He was a thin man in a light brown suit, with a wisp of blond mustache on his upper lip, and long blond sideburns on either side of his thin face.

"It's a push-over," he said. "I know it's a push-over, Mart, because I spent a week casing it. Eight, ten, twelve grand maybe. He's been there thirty years, saving every nickel he got his hands on. Four, five hundred a year say, easy. Easy, Mart. You see what that adds up to?"

The one in the blue suit seemed young enough to be in high school. He had a boy's good-looking round face, and cold brown eyes that narrowed to sparkling slits when he smiled. He smiled now.

"Sure," he said. "It's always a million when Finkle tells it. I guess we just walk in and this Frenchman tells us where it is. I guess he gets up and shows us where to look."

"I guess," the man in the brown suit said, "Mart couldn't figure no way to open him up. I guess that. Hell!"

His voice was sour and contemptuous. The good-looking boy flushed. The third man—the one called Mart—with a fresh blade of grass in his fingers, looked at Finkle and then at the boy. He was a short, solid man, with a square face and big square hands. Before he could say anything Finkle spoke quickly to him, with an obvious eagerness to please, to convince, in the hurried flow of his words:

"I'm telling you, Mart. Look. All last week I hang around his store from nine to three, and at night till he closes. And he never goes to the bank. Never. I'd have seen him, wouldn't I? Once a week, Saturday, the old woman takes the silver out and changes it into bills. But she don't deposit the bills, Mart; she takes them home with her. I was watching her all the time and I seen her do that. Everyone on the block knows the old Frenchman has no use for banks. He's always panning them. That's how I picked it up. And it's sweet, Mart—it's a spot. How we gonna miss?"

Mart's square face wrinkled itself up thoughtfully, undecided, around the mouth. He blew on a fresh blade of grass again, and then bit the end off. "The layout," he said. "How's that?"

Finkle took a deep breath. "Just like we planned it ourselves. Perfect. A little one-story dump on the corner of an alley. The old guy and his wife live in back of the store, and there's a door from the kitchen to the alley. There's our in. We crack in, say around twelve, after they're asleep. The dough's there, right where he can watch it himself. I'm telling you it's—"

"Cops?" Mart said.

"Cops," Finkle repeated, his lips curving. "The flatfoot on the beat don't get around once in two hours. They got a radio car sliding around every so often, but if we work it right they don't see a thing. Why should they? The driver's a big guy named Ferguson. Tough Irish. Dumb. If we're smart there ain't gonna be a reason in the world for him to stop."

"Yeah," Mart said. "It's always open and shut, talking about it."

FOR a while he was silent, staring down at the walk through the wide loop his clasped arms made on his knees. A nursemaid went by, pushing a baby carriage; a fat woman with a chow dog followed her. Mart flipped the blade away and put his hands in his pockets, his feet straight out before him. He spoke, watching his shoes.

"I can handle the old guy," he said. "I can make him squawk. You better come in with me to take care of the wife, Finkle. Arthur parks the car where it's gonna be handy, and covers us from outside. Twelve's too early to crack in. Old guys like that take a long while to get to sleep. Say two."

He raised his head and looked directly into Arthur's eyes.

"You know what it means to cover us? You know what to do if the flatfoot noses around, or the squad car pulls up outside?"

Arthur smiled his cold boy's smile. He said: "How many guesses you give me?"

The square man's face had no trace of expression on it. "I heard guys talk like that before."

"I'm talking now," Arthur said.

"Okay," Mart grunted. *(Continued on page 33)*

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Designs on You

By Selma Robinson

Clare Potter, American designer, knows what you like to wear—because she likes to wear it, too. Her success goes on from there

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

CLARE POTTER is a young designer who is dedicated to the proposition that all women are not created equal. Some are glamor girls. Some are garden-club presidents. Some are young mothers with a couple of kids in the offing. But all of them, being feminine, like to show legs that are good or conceal hips that are not. To feel comfortable but look alluring. To be distinctive but not bizarre. And being American, they like simply cut, easy-to-wear clothes.

You can explain Mrs. Potter's success and her five-figured salary by pointing out that she feels about them much as they themselves do. Feels, in fact, the same way about herself. Like them, she drives her own car. Or messes around in her garden. Or invites friends in for dinner at home. Though her clothes are known all the way from New York to Honolulu, there's nothing wild about a Clare Potter design, nothing spectacular. Casual is the word for it.

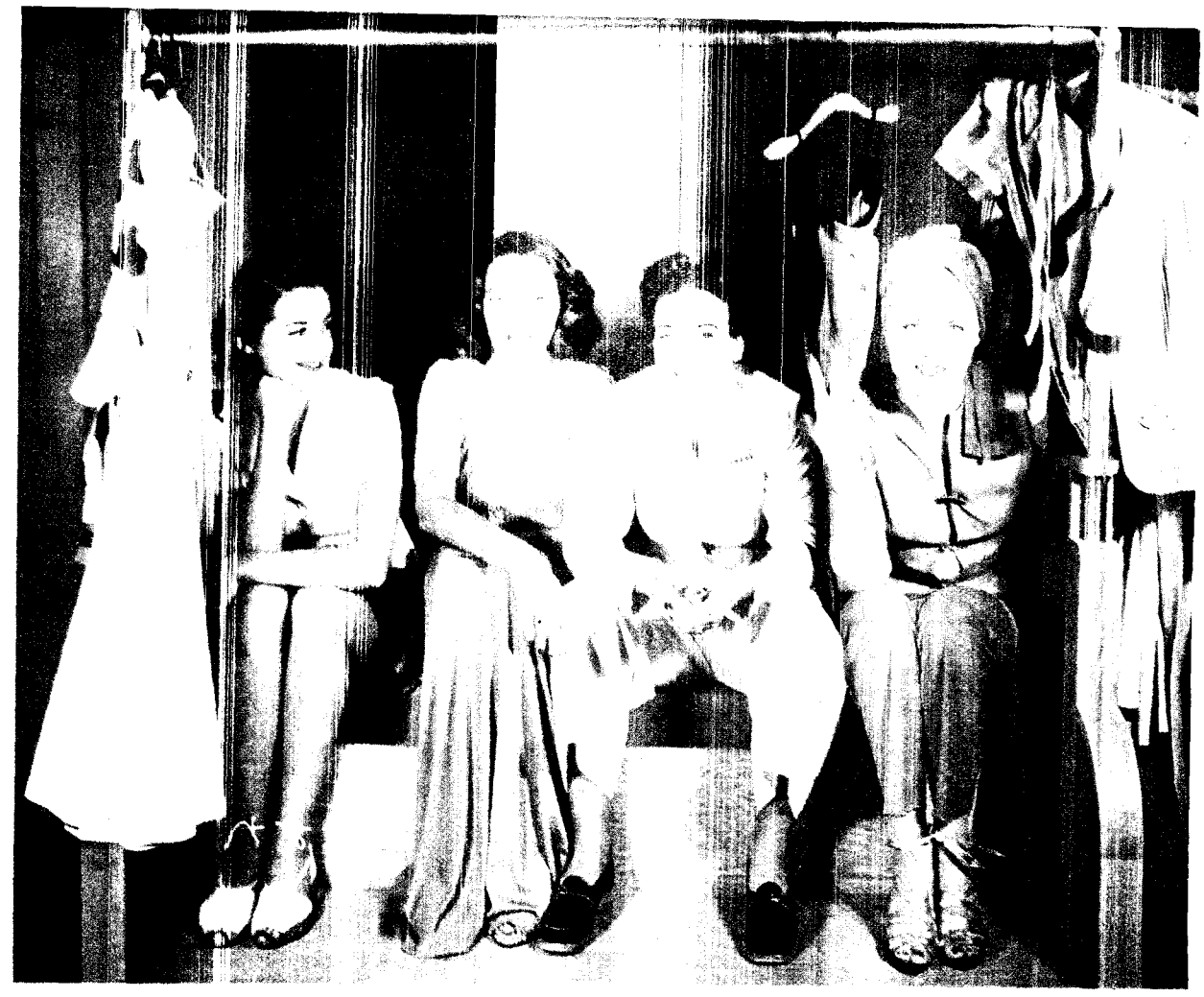
Her insistence on usefulness with chic resulted in Clare Potter's now famous informal dinner dresses of cotton or silk or wool, and her evening sweaters, all in ravishing colors. Practicality in clothes may be one part of her success story. The other, more important part is color, a certain genius for subtle, untried color effects that inspired one Fifth Avenue shop to term her, with understandable extravagance, "America's supreme colorist."

She came back from Bermuda not with the bottles of Scotch and perfume that most visitors bring, but with six little cans of paint that the natives use on their houses. The following season her resort clothes featured the sun-baked coral pinks, the faded magentas, the grayish lime. In the midst of a business conference last September, she stopped talking yardage and costs with Charles Nudelman, her boss, to exclaim with delight over the effect of Mr. Nudelman's red pencil as it lay on his yellow blotter; you'll see it this season in red flowers printed on gold-colored silk. The farm in Nyack where she makes her year-round home is not merely a place where flowers grow and the retaining wall forever needs looking after; it is a source of endless color combinations.

Blue ageratums against red geraniums will flower again in a geranium-red tunic over blue trousers. She carried a plum blossom wrapped in cotton down to work; it was duplicated in evening skirts and abbreviated sweaters. The underside of a magnolia petal. Dark rhododendron leaves massed against the chalk-white walls of her remodeled farmhouse. Even the bright red collars on the black and white spotted necks of her four picturesque Dalmatians. All of them are translated into color harmonies that are as satisfying and fresh, year after year, as their originals.

Both as a designer and as a woman, Clare Potter believes that clothes should be perennially beautiful and useful. No woman, she says, not even a Mrs. Harrison Williams, starts her wardrobe from scratch. There's always a holdover from previous seasons—a dress, a coat, and the new fashion must interlock with the old in color and design. If navy was last year's color, you'll have to consider it or its soul mate this year. If fitted coats were popular the year before, the fashion world can't, no matter what Paris or anyone else says, put women into bustles that will bump under their reefers.

"Fashion," says Clare Potter, "moves like a snail, not a greyhound. The overnight sensation is the exception, not the rule. Fashion changes almost imperceptibly, one season a neckline, another a new sleeve, or a lowered waistline, until in a few seasons you have a really altered *(Continued on page 32)*



Fashion-show side light: Four lovely models, all dressed up in Clare Potter designs and all tired out after a showing of winter resort fashions, rest on a new type of clothes rack

Below, Designer Clare Potter, who combines vivid coloring with individual styles that may readily be adapted to mass production. The hand-knitted sweater is her own design

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The Chinese Influence

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Oil for a troubled marriage. Dr. Yin does the pouring

THE conventional thing, Peter Flournoy thought, was to go out and get drunk. "The conventional thing to do," Peter tried it aloud to the drawing board, "is to go out and get drunk." The drawing board stared back at him accusingly.

He walked back down the little hall, into the bedroom, stared around a moment as if he'd never seen it before, then turned and stumbled out, tears half clouding his eyes. He came back and looked at the drawing board with the penciled notations thumbtacked to its borders:

Six weeks of decent sample strips and the Flournoys are in the chips.

Forty a week ain't my peak.

I don't want to be vindicated. I want to be syndicated.

"Very damned funny," Peter said aloud. "Very damned funny. Your wife leaves you. That's very damned funny, too. Caricaturing the pitfalls of marital domesticity, that's material for cartoons, that's wheat in the mill, and what better pitfall than a guy's wife hauls off and leaves him. Why, if you weren't anything but a lousy sports cartoonist you'd have a strip running now and a wife too." Peter Flournoy got up and walked over and put on his overcoat and went out and rang for the elevator.

Down on the street it was cold and the wind cut into his legs. "No," he muttered to himself, "you don't talk about your troubles to people. You just don't do that. You don't talk about them, you go crazy instead."

Walk, don't think. Walk, don't think. Count a hundred steps, count a thousand steps. And this is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat da da da da da da that lay in the house that Jack built. And this is the maiden all forlorn . . . Nope. With a rowly-powly spinach and gammon, heigh ho, said Anthony Rowley. And here is a Chinese restaurant and old Flournoy's cold and hungry, broken heart and all. Sock the Sake to Me, John, Boy. Infinitely better than the original, and what was the original?

Peter Flournoy turned in off the street and made his way to a table. There was only one other customer in the place, a tiny Chinese dexterously wielding chopsticks. Peter looked up at the waiter.

"I want a bowl of soup," he said. And little you reck my fine, inscrutable friend that under that commonplace remark there lurks a broken heart.

He tore the five-dollar bill and gave half of it to the waiter. "Tell him," he said, "he gets the rest of it when we get back. It oughtn't to take over an hour." The waiter's face seemed to be clouding with bewilderment but he nodded

The waiter nodded and moved off. As he came abreast of his other customer's table he stopped and said something in Chinese. The waiter was pleased and deferential when the other answered him, and at that moment Peter Flournoy had an inspiration.

WHEN the waiter brought his soup, Peter looked up at him and, keeping his voice low, said, "Does that fellow speak English?" And he nodded toward the little man with the chopsticks.

The waiter beamed and shook his head in emphatic negative.

Peter didn't try to keep his voice down as he went on: "Tell him that I'll give him five dollars if he'll walk around with me for an hour."

The waiter shrugged and looked over at the man with the chopsticks, who was looking at them now. Peter reached into his pocket and took out a five-dollar bill and some change. He tore the five-dollar bill and gave half of it to the waiter. "Tell him," he said, "he gets the rest of it when we get back. It oughtn't to take over an hour."

The waiter's face seemed to be clouding with bewilderment but he still nodded cordially and smiled. Peter's voice became pleading. "I know it's a screwy proposition," he went on, alarmed by the waiter's expression, "but it's awfully important."

The waiter started to say something but the little Chinese barked in his native tongue and the waiter scurried over to him.

They conferred a moment and Peter, watching, saw with relief that the little man took the half bill and put it in his pocket. Then he got up and came over. He bowed formally and smiled. Peter had a moment's shame noticing his beautifully tailored clothes but quickly smothered it. "He took the money fast enough, didn't he?" he growled to himself.

Peter Flournoy stood up. "Let's go," he said, and he pointed toward the door. Out in the street he turned and started uptown. The little Chinese, almost trotting, fell in beside him.

"We got married," Peter said bitterly. He looked at the man beside him. "But she's gone home to Mother now. And do you know where home and Mother are? No? Sutton Place! Sutton Place is veddy veddy." He stopped and lengthened his stride into the cold wind. His companion now had to break into an occasional jog.

"I was at Bar Harbor," Peter went on, "I don't know what the hell I was doing there. Greatest mistake of my life. I had sold a couple of cartoons to magazines and I had saved my money and I had a steady job on the Globe. I was a sports cartoonist. Still am. I swam out to a raft. There she was. What a girl! What a figure!" Peter scowled at the little man. "Though that's none of your damned business," he added.

"ANYWAY, that's the way it started, out there on the float. Just us. You know what she said when the minister asked her, 'Do you take this man et cetera'? She said, *'I do?'* like that, kind of a high, questioning squeal like she didn't realize what she was doing. It broke up the first two pews completely and I could see the parson working for control. Me, I was too scared. I didn't even smile."

They swung across 14th Street and Peter laid a course for Fifth Avenue.

"I'm mixed up," Peter said. "We were on the float. Well, it was fine. Liked the same things, you know—community of interests and all that. Little did I know. Well, one of those cartoons I sold was the one where I had a bunch of Roman Catholic priests up to some solemn rite and it was going wrong and one of them was turning to another one saying, 'There's a Methodist in this madness.' You don't like it, eh? Well, they bought it anyway. I always heard Orientals didn't have any sense of humor. I forgot you couldn't speak English. Skip it. Well, I learned later she was telling people around that it was her idea. Can you imagine? I threw the ski boot at her

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Line Coach Jim Smith (kneeling), Backfield Coach Doug Locke and Head Coach Mose Simms watching a Rattlers' dummy scrimmage as Co-captain Homer Burkett hits the line

Backs in Motion

By Kyle Crichton

The only reason why the St. Mary's Rattlers of San Antonio, Texas, haven't a game scheduled at the North Pole is merely because there are no football teams available up there. The Rattlers have traveled practically everywhere else and still consider a home game a novelty

FOR the sake of argument, let us say you own a college and have a football team and want to book some games. Do you know what you would do then? You'd wire down to San Antonio and locate a man named J. C. (Mose) Simms and before you could get out of the telegraph office you'd have a message back that would say only one thing: "How far away are you?"

If you could prove by maps of the Geodetic Survey that you were at least 1,000 linear miles removed from San Antonio, you would then have another almost instantaneous wire saying that your splendid institution was now on the schedule of St. Mary's University (Texas).

Whether from an ardent desire to get out of Texas or for less weighty reasons, St. Mary's likes to play games away from home and it likes to play them after a journey that would knock the brains out of a motorman. Since football was "recontinued" at St. Mary's in 1935, the "Rattlers" have averaged over 10,000 miles a year on football trips. At present they are jouncing about in a double-decker monster that seats fifty-three passengers, but originally the jaunts were made in an ancient school bus, the kind in which reluctant youths from Podunk Township are dragged to the Podunk Consolidated School. In that period the grid-maddened Texans played in such widely divergent points as Scranton, Montreal, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, San Diego, New Orleans, Topeka and Baltimore.

The old jallopy, which seated twenty-three victims and had a striking similarity to a motorized sardine can, was driven by Guy Todd, brother of famous Dick Todd of Texas A. & M. Other members of the party, unable to squeeze into the bus, rode in a station wagon and two sedans. In spite of roadside practices they managed to average 400 miles every day, with Todd leaping from the driver's seat to his position as quarterback at the mere sight of a green plot of ground.

The genius behind this astonishing menagerie is the aforementioned Mr. Simms, who has the build of a private dick and the imagination of a hashish eater. When the present season opened, Mr. Simms was attempting to form a college band that would end all such. Each of his musicians was to be garbed in a uniform loaned, given or stolen from some other university band. His virtuosos, thus outfitted in a fashion to bring memories of Coxey's army, would then march into the stadium and go through maneuvers of such intricacy as to assure a broken limb for every third member of the assemblage. They would end by playing the college anthem in four different keys.

However, this is only one of Mr. Simms' good notions. The Rattlers are already the most frighteningly dressed gridsters to be viewed between two end zones. The Rattlers' streamlined uniforms, which they insist were designed by a grid-crazed descendant of Betsy Ross, are star-spangled sensations in red, white and blue.

"If the boys are too tired," comments Mr. Simms, "we expect the uniforms to stand up and sing The Star-Spangled Banner after the game."

On the kickoff St. Mary's makes it a bit confusing for the opposition by having two kickers rush at the ball from different angles, thus making it difficult to know who is going to kick and in which direction. On defense they have eleven different formations and for a time it was doubtful if the Rattlers would ever be asked to play San Francisco University again because of their use of a 2-4-4-1 formation which left only the two guards on the line of scrimmage and bumfuzzled the Golden Gate laddies no little. In the old days they had a barefoot punter, one Hampton Potts, who not only bumped them fifty yards at a clip but completely fascinated the sports writers.

Back in 1937 they had Douglas Locke, the 145-pound back, who led all scorers

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Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

ELINOR CARLISLE is well content with her lot in life. She is young and attractive; her home is in fascinating London; she is engaged to Roddy Welman (whom she loves and who, she feels sure, loves her); and some day she will be rich—upon the death of her wealthy Aunt Laura Welman she (or Roddy, Aunt Laura's dead husband's nephew, *and* she) will receive most of the old lady's fortune.

Nor is she perturbed when she receives an anonymous letter, in which the writer warns her that "someone" is trying to supplant her in the affections of her aunt, and that she had better go to Hunterbury (where her aunt lives) and "see what's going on." She does, however, show the letter to Roddy; and, after discussing its implications, they decide to pay Aunt Laura a visit.

Aunt Laura has suffered a stroke; she is very ill. Two nurses—O'Brien and Hopkins, gossips both—attend her constantly; and Mary Gerrard, daughter of sour old Ephraim Gerrard, the lodge keeper, reads to her and acts as her companion when she is lonely.

Shortly before the arrival of Elinor and Roddy, O'Brien and Hopkins discuss "poor Mary Gerrard." The girl, it appears, has been educated by Mrs. Welman; and her father, fancying that she is trying to achieve a position in life far beyond her, is constantly upbraiding her for being a silly young fool. . . .

Elinor and Roddy reach Hunterbury. While conversing with her aunt, Elinor sees a young man—Doctor Lord, Mrs. Welman's physician—come in. Introduced to him, she leaves the room; not, however, until Lord has given her a glance of unqualified admiration. . . .

Roddy goes for a walk in the garden. He is singularly devoid of conceit, and, thinking of Elinor, he wonders why he, an ordinary fellow, has managed to win her love. Then, thinking of *himself*, he wonders—rather vaguely—why, with so much for which he should be thankful, he is, somehow, not quite happy.

As he thus muses (he has left the garden and entered a near-by wood), he sees a girl coming toward him—a girl with pale, gleaming hair and a rose-flushed skin. "How beautiful," he thinks. "How unutterably beautiful."

II

RODDY stood quite still—as though frozen into immobility. The world, he felt, was spinning, was topsy-turvy, was suddenly and impossibly and gloriously crazy!

The girl stopped suddenly, then she came on. She came up to him where he stood, dumb and absurdly fishlike, his mouth open.

She said, with a little hesitation: "Don't you remember me, Mr. Roderick? It's a long time, of course. I'm Mary Gerrard, from the lodge."

Roddy said: "Oh—oh—you're Mary Gerrard?"

She said: "Yes." Then she went on rather shyly: "I've changed, of course, since you saw me."

He said: "Yes, you've changed. I—I wouldn't have recognized you."

He stood staring at her. He did not hear footsteps behind him. Mary did and turned.

Elinor stood motionless a minute. Then she said: "Hello, Mary."

Mary said: "How do you do, Miss Elinor? It's nice to see you. Mrs. Welman has been looking forward to you coming down."

Elinor said: "Yes—it's a long time. I—Nurse O'Brien sent me to look for you. She wants to lift Mrs. Welman

Mary Gerrard was running down the stairs. She crossed the hall and disappeared through the door to the kitchen quarters

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up and she says that you usually do it with her."

Mary said: "I'll go at once."

She moved off, breaking into a run. Elinor stood looking after her. Mary ran well, grace in every movement.

Roddy said softly: "Atalanta. . . ."

Elinor did not answer. She stood quite still for a minute or two. Then she said: "It's nearly lunchtime. *We'd better go back.*"

They walked side by side toward the house.

"OH! COME on, Mary. It's Garbo and a grand film—all about Paris. And a story by a tiptop author. There was an opera of it once."

"It's frightfully nice of you, Ted, but I really won't."

Ted Bigland said angrily: "I can't make you out nowadays, Mary. You're different—altogether different."

"No, I'm not, Ted."

"You are! I suppose because you've been away to that grand school and to Germany. You're too good for us now."

"It's not true, Ted. I'm not like that." She spoke vehemently.

The young man, a fine, sturdy specimen, looked at her appraisingly in spite of his anger. "Yes, you are. You're almost a lady, Mary."

Mary said with sudden bitterness: "Almost isn't much good, is it?"

He said with sudden understanding: "No, I reckon it isn't."

Mary said quickly: "Anyway, who cares about that sort of thing nowadays? Ladies and gentlemen and all that!"

"It doesn't matter like it did—no," Ted assented, but thoughtfully. "All the same there's a *feeling*. Lord, Mary, you *look* like a duchess or a countess or something."

Mary said: "That's not saying much. I've seen countesses looking like old-clothes women!"

"Well, you know what I mean."

A stately figure of ample proportions, handsomely dressed in black, bore down upon them. Her eyes gave them a sharp glance. Ted moved aside a step or two. He said: "Afternoon, Mrs. Bishop."

Mrs. Bishop inclined her head graciously.

"Good afternoon, Ted Bigland. Good afternoon, Mary."

She passed on, a ship in full sail.

Ted looked respectfully after her.

Mary murmured: "Now she really is like a duchess!"

"Yes—she's got a manner. Always makes me feel hot inside my collar."

Mary said: "She doesn't like me."

"Nonsense, my girl."

"It's true. She doesn't. She's always saying sharp things to me."

"Jealous," said Ted, nodding his head sapiently. "That's all it is."

Mary said doubtfully: "I suppose it might be that. . . ."

"That's it, depend upon it. She's been housekeeper at Hunterbury for years, ruling the roost and ordering everyone about, and now old Mrs. Welman takes a fancy to you and it puts her out. That's all it is."

MARY said, a shade of trouble on her forehead: "It's silly of me—but I can't bear it when anyone doesn't like me. I want people to like me."

"Sure to be women who don't like you, Mary! Jealous cats who think you're too good-looking!"

Mary said: "I think jealousy's horrible."

Ted said slowly: "Maybe—*but* it exists all right. Say, I saw a lovely film over at Alledore last week. Clark Gable. All about one of those millionaire blokes who neglected his wife—and then she pretended she'd done the dirty on him. And there was another fellow—"

Mary moved away. She said: "Sorry, Ted, I must go. I'm late."

"Where you going?"

"I'm going to have tea with Nurse Hopkins."

Ted made a face. "Funny taste. That woman's the biggest gossip in the village! Pokes that long nose of hers into everything."

Mary said: "She's been very kind to me always."

"Oh, I'm not saying there's any harm in her. But she talks."

I slipped in. She didn't know I was there. I just stood and looked at her. Then I slipped away. But it was—pretty terrible

Mary said: "Goodby, Ted."

She hurried off, leaving him standing, gazing resentfully after her.

Nurse Hopkins occupied a small cottage at the end of the village. She herself had just come in and was untying her bonnet strings when Mary entered.

"Ah, there you are. I'm a bit late. Old Mrs. Caldecott was bad again—made me late with my round of dressings. I saw you with Ted Bigland at the end of the street."

Mary said rather dispiritedly: "Yes. . . ."

Nurse Hopkins looked up alertly from where she was stooping to light the gas ring under the kettle. Her long nose twitched. "Was he saying something particular to you, my dear?"

"No. He just asked me to go to the cinema."

"I see," said Nurse Hopkins promptly. "Well, of course, he's a nice young fellow and doesn't do too badly at the garage and his father does rather better than most of the farmers around here. All the same, my dear, you don't seem to me cut out for Ted Bigland's wife. *Not with your education and all.* As I was saying, if I was you I'd go in for massage when the time comes. You get about a bit and see people that way—and your time's more or less your own."

Mary said: "I'll think it over. Mrs. Welman spoke to me the other day—she was very sweet about it. It was just exactly as you said it was. She doesn't want me to go away just now. She'd miss me, she said. But she told me not to worry about the future, that she meant to help me."

Nurse Hopkins said dubiously, "Let's hope she's put that down in black and white! Sick people are odd."

Mary asked: "Do you think Mrs. Bishop really dislikes me—or is it only my fancy?"

Nurse Hopkins considered a minute. "She puts on a sour face, I must say. She's one of those who don't like seeing young people have a good time or anything done for them. Thinks, perhaps, Mrs. Welman is a bit too fond of you and resents it."

She laughed cheerfully.

"I shouldn't worry if I was you, Mary, my dear. Just open that paper bag, will you? There's a couple of doughnuts in it."

ELINOR was alone when she received the telegram from Hunterbury.

YOUR AUNT HAD SECOND STROKE LAST NIGHT STOP NO CAUSE IMMEDIATE ANXIETY BUT SUGGEST YOU SHOULD COME DOWN IF POSSIBLE LORD

Immediately Elinor had rung up Roddy and now they were in the train together bound for Hunterbury.

Elinor had not seen much of Roddy in the week that had elapsed since their visit. On the two brief occasions when they had met, there had been an odd kind of constraint between them. Roddy had sent her flowers—a great sheaf of long-stemmed roses. It was unusual on his part. At a dinner they had had together he had seemed more attentive than usual, consulting her preferences in food and drink, being unusually assiduous in helping her on and off with her coat. A little, Elinor thought, as though he were playing a part in a play—the part of the devoted fiancé. . . .

Then she had said to herself: "Don't be an idiot. Nothing's wrong. . . . You imagine things! It's that beastly brooding possessive mind of yours."

Her manner to him had been perhaps a shade more detached than usual.

Now, in this emergency, the constraint passed, they talked together naturally.

Roddy said: "Poor old dear, and she was so well when we saw her the other day."

Elinor said: "I do mind so terribly for *her*. I know how she hated being ill anyway, and now I suppose she'll be more helpless still, and she'll simply loathe that! One does feel, Roddy, that people ought to be set free—if they themselves really want it."

Roddy said: "I agree. It's the only civilized thing to do. You put animals out of their pain. I suppose you don't do it with human beings simply because, human nature being what it is, people would get shoved off for their money by their fond relations—perhaps when they weren't really bad at all."

Elinor said thoughtfully: "It would be in the doctor's hands, of course."

"A doctor might be a crook."

"You could trust a man like Dr. Lord."

Roddy said, carelessly, "Yes, he seems straightforward enough. Nice fellow."

Dr. Lord was leaning over the bed. Nurse O'Brien hovered behind him. He was trying, his forehead puckered, to understand the slurred sounds coming from his patient's mouth. *(Continued on page 37)*

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Invisible Wings

By Frank Gervasi

Before carefully camouflaged airdromes somewhere in France the young gentlemen of the Royal Air Force, chins up, wait for the big show to start. Meanwhile, they watch warily for silk stockings—a sure sign of lady spies

PATHÉ NEWS

In the midst of the grim business of aerial warfare, the members of Great Britain's Royal Air Force relax behind the lines—somewhere in France

FROM the plane the war zone was a pastoral patchwork of brown-plowed fields and green meadows. Neither the scar tissue of the war called Great nor the wounds of the new war were discernible.

The vineyards were mauve with fruit. Chalky walls of red-roofed villages shone yellow and bronze in the late afternoon sun. Tall poplars leaned in the autumn wind. Northward, under a tumble of cloud and cyclamen mist, lay the Maginot Line where Frenchmen manned their guns and waited.

The plane circled with cautious, calipered movements; each wing dip, every maneuver was a signal. The pilot fired a rocket in final confirmation to those below that this was a press plane from London and not some overbrave or foolhardy German come to lay a few eggs.

One unscheduled move and the machine would have been blown from the air by those long, lean guns the British call Aak Aaks, signalers' code for anti-aircraft.

This was not a normal airfield. This was one of the new British phantom airports "somewhere in France." An impressive number of them are scattered throughout the battle zone. Each is so skillfully concealed that, unless the German espionage is far better than the British believe, the enemy not only does not know how many there are but where they are located.

Camouflage has already become one of the major weapons of war. From the sky the enemy is unable to discern the secrets of great irregular splotches of woodland.

To destroy the British and French air bases, Germans would have to bomb every haystack, every square yard of forest and every broad green field—obviously an impossible task even for the vaunted German air force. The enemy might also find those invisible hangars and airport paraphernalia merely papier-mâché dummies.

Mud and craters left by high explosives won't bother the British airmen as they did in the last war. The British have developed a new wrinkle in landing-field surfaces—steel grillwork bolted together in replaceable strips.

This grille is invisible from above. Up close it looks like so many thousands of sections of V-shaped foot scrapers like those on the bottom step of Grandma's house in Baltimore. There isn't enough steel to spare in all Germany to build a grille for one air field.

But these are only minor indices of the vast advances made in power and preparation for war by the British air-force engineers since they took over the conflict from the politicians who had permitted England's air power to slip to third-rate unimportance in patently war-bound Europe. The censorship designed to prevent vital information from reaching the enemy forbids your reporter writing further exact details.

Improvements in the production both of planes and munitions for fighting machines have been sufficiently pronounced to chase the ogre of enemy air superiority, before whose presence politicians blanched at Munich.

Ever since Chamberlain swapped his umbrella for a cane, things have been different in England. The politicians who a year ago refused an American offer to build a factory capable of producing 2,000 planes monthly, on the grounds "it wasn't necessary" in view of "the lasting peace" signed with Hitler at Munich, have been silenced.

In the smoke-filled bus en route from the landing field to an unnameable town where the Royal Air Force had its headquarters the conversation of the officers reflected the change that has come over England—particularly in the morale of the junior fighting service. Confidence has replaced uncertainty and fear of inferiority. R.A.F. men know, for instance, that their fighters, when eventually they go into action, will be superior to the German Messerschmidts.

They have a criterion in the fact that the French Moranes and American-built Curtiss Hawks have chased the Germans out of the air whenever they met. And even the French admit that Britain's slim, fast fighters of the R.A.F. are superior to their own machines. Goering's boys and officers are said to have an unpleasant surprise awaiting them.

It was dusk and time for a stiff drink when our cranky old bus finally sighted its destination, coughing and spluttering over roads where only twenty-five years ago Tommies and Poilus moved into the line, heads down in the slanting rain.

Memories of the First World War

There was a veteran reporter among us who had been here before. He had been here when the village we were entering was a pile of smoldering timber and dusty mortar, and the church we had just passed was a rubbish heap with the crucifix askew on its battered altar.

The bar of the town's only hotel was charged with smoke, noise and laughter. Officers of the R.A.F., in gunmetal uniforms, were ranged four and five deep before the breast-high mahogany. There were a few war correspondents, attitudinous in their new khaki, looking like captains and acting like cadets.

Everybody was a little high except the farinaceous blonde with phony eyelashes who sat behind the island formed by her red-topped table. She looked at each newcomer with studied disinterest over the brim of her Cinzano à l'eau. Nobody paid any attention to her. It was just before dinner and the men had come to drink. Anyway, she was probably a spy. All women with rouged lips and silk stockings are suspects in the war zone.

What was it the posters at the airfield barracks had said? "A woman loved, an unguarded word, a comrade dead and Hitler served." The posters showed Hitler with one very big ear.

For a fleeting moment the blonde caught the eye of a tall young officer with straw-colored hair. But he turned his head quickly and stared intently at the half-empty glass he held in his hand. Over his heart were embroidered the silver wings of his craft. A black-bordered, bright blue stripe on his sleeve edges said he was a flight second lieutenant. He might have been seventeen or twenty-two.

He leaned easily against the bar and raised his eyes to look hard at a taller, older man before him. He spoke with a public-school accent and he voiced school-tie ideas about the war.

"Now look here," he said. "Bombing women and children is out. Why can't we fight this war properly! I don't mind dropping a few on a bridgehead or factory, old boy, but cities, no. Babies live in cities, old boy. I don't mind knocking off a few troops in trenches, if it comes to that—military objective and all that

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sort of rot. But bombing women and children—bad, gen that."

"Gen," is Rugby or Winchester for "savvy."

The taller man had three stripes on his sleeves and under his silver wings a double row of ribbons, two with silver encrustations that told of heroics in the last war. He talked down to his junior officer in a cold, flat voice and he used words like Hun, Boche and Jerry:

"Our mission is to paralyze production of the Hun. And the only way we can do that, old son, is by bombing the production centers of the enemy's territory. Do you think Jerry is going to be squeamish about doing the same thing? Remember Warsaw? Remember Barcelona?"

The officers sucked down their drinks. They looked at one another and grinned. "Well," the older man said, "how about some eats?"

He smiled and put his arm carelessly around the younger man's shoulder. "You were born," he said, "four hundred years too late. You're a knight on a silver horse—"

They pushed their way through the bar into the gluey yellow light of the lobby and out onto the street to be swallowed up in the darkness of the black-out.

It was seven-thirty and the bistro keepers yanked down their steel shutters along the main drag. The obliteration of all lights was rapid and systematic. The metallic clamor of café shutters was the signal to townspeople to pull down their blinds, draw their black curtains and seal themselves into their cubicle night worlds.

Streets That Are Black Caverns

Poilu patrols clumped through the street to make certain no light showed anywhere. The streets became black caverns filled with invisible life. Men and women moved about with the uncertainty of those newly blind—in twos, threes and fours but never alone. There was a low hum of voices and the scrape, scrape, scrape of hobnailed boots against the pavement.

Somewhere a Tommy played a mouth organ, Let Me Call You Sweetheart and We'll Hang up Our Washing on the Siegfried Line, and the tune was like the old one about packing up your troubles in the old kit bag.

A girl's laughter, sudden and startling as the unexpected tinkle of many tiny bells made one peer hard to see to whom the throaty music belonged. Was she blond or brunet? A whiff of cheap jasmine as she passed by, her heels going peck, peck, peck up the street, out of time with the smart, sharp ring of an officer's boots.

A dispatch rider on a motorcycle shattered the silence in sharp fragments, then it was quiet again except for the shuffle of feet. The motorcycle's head lamp made a faint bluish blur in the distance, then disappeared.

It was a good night for an air raid. There were no stars and the moon was hidden by high clouds. The wind barely rustled the frost-yellowed leaves of the trees.

The light in a crowded restaurant stung your eyes after the street's blackness. The long room was filled with R.A.F.'ers and French officers who sat at long tables laid end to end along the walls.

Voices seemed louder than usual and the men ate and drank noisily, boisterously. Only the women seemed calm. Behind the cashier's desk dominating the room from the far end sat a black-haired Madonna with a pale face and long, tapering fingers. She manipulated the mechanics of running the restaurant without a movement of her head, speaking quietly and firmly to serving girls who bustled about in black frocks and wine-stained white pinafores. The women were as calm and businesslike as though this were the most normal of well-regulated worlds.

The town's mayor sat with us as the guest of honor of two American and ten British correspondents who had come to write about the first World War of the Air. Monsieur le Maire wanted to know when was "America coming in?" The Americans looked down at their plates and mumbled something vague about, "Can't just tell you yet," and changed the conversation.

The mayor was very young and he didn't remember much about the last war except that it had killed his father and two uncles. He was worried about the sudden influx of Britishers but the R.A.F. skipper who had taken over the town from him patted Monsieur le Maire affectionately on the shoulder and said:

"Ah, *mon frêre*, it is nothing. Think! In two years or three we shall all be gone and you'll stand on the steps of l'Hôtel de Ville shaking hands with me with tears in your eyes telling me how sorry you are to see us go. And I will embrace you and tell you how sorry we are to go and you, twenty years from that day, will welcome us into the town, telling me or someone like me how glad you are to see *les Anglais* again."

To Liberty and to Victory

Everybody laughed and thought it was a good joke and made a toast. All except the field censor, a stick of a man with four stripes on his sleeve and a burst of rainbows under his pilot's wings. He was a Scot with manners crisp and impeccable as the soft curl of his gray hair. His eyes were very blue as he raised his glass:

"To liberty, gentlemen, and to victory in a just cause! May it be justly won and a peace justly made. And may man never thereafter fight against man."

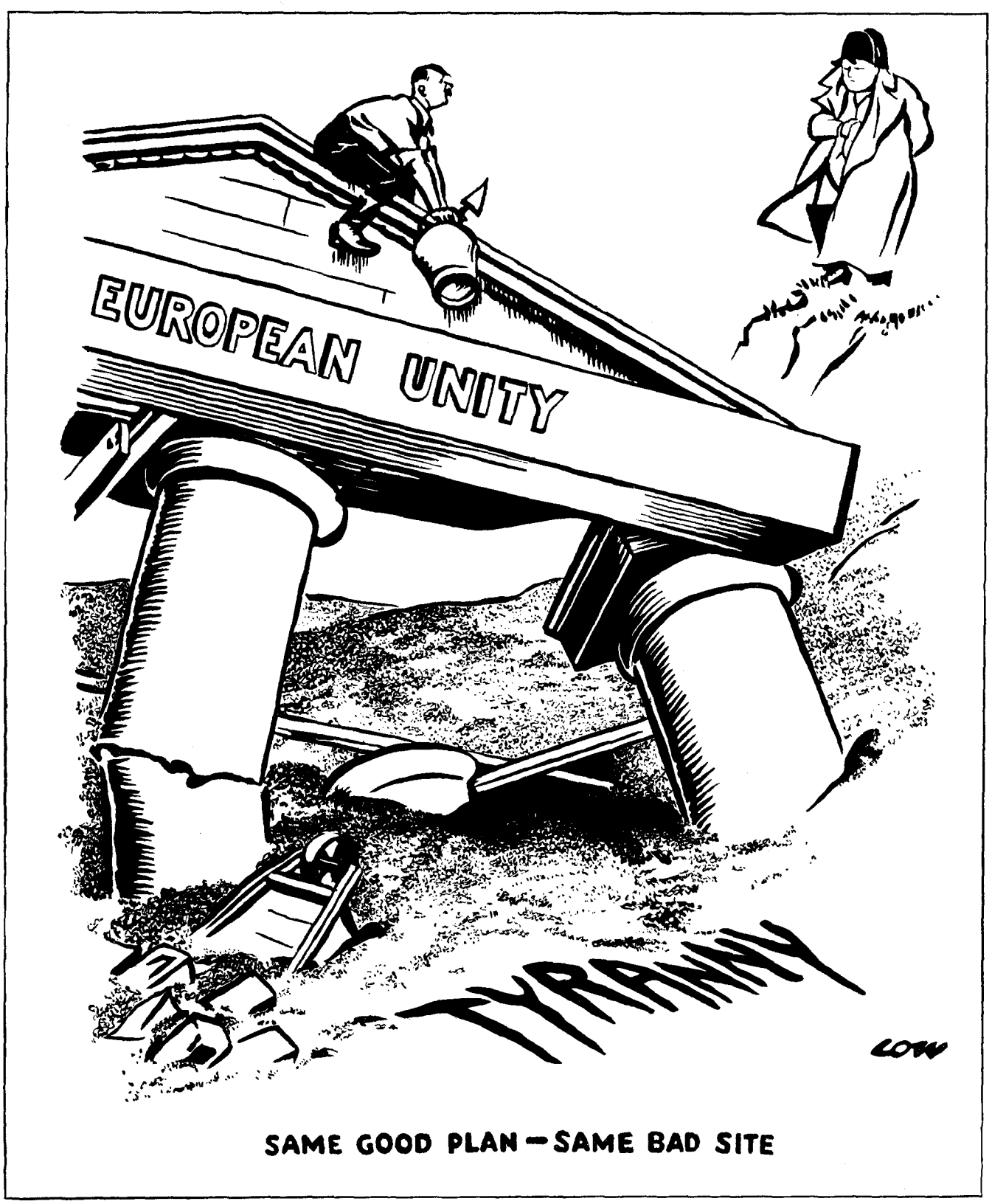
We all drank. I said, "Amen," under my breath.

The Scot left early.

"That man," a fellow officer said when the Scot was gone, "fought in the last war. He went up day after day in an open cockpit plane with only a helmet and a fur jacket to protect him from the cold. He had no machine gun. He carried a carbine and he squeezed as many bullets as he could into the calf strap of his boots. He would sit up there doing a top speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour and then he'd come down on a German, potting him with the carbine. He got a few."

The enemy didn't come that night, nor the next, nor the night after that. The threat of a raid ceased to become a brain-paralyzing menace of death or injury. Gas masks and tin helmets were left in billets. The regulations said they must be within five seconds' reach at all times, but we all took the advice of a veteran reporter. "Champagne," he said, "is the best cure for air-raid fever. When one of those things has your name on it there's nothing you can do, really. Champagne, that's the best thing—champagne and more champagne, and if that doesn't work then dilute the champagne with a little cognac."

It worked.



SAME GOOD PLAN—SAME BAD SITE

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

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"Anyway," she thought now, plowing along in the cold rain,"I'd be afraid to let Alec near a dog. He'd probably beat it"

Birthday

By Tay Hohoff

A very special person—like Eleanor—calls for a very special gift. Like Alexander, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

SHE woke to the sound of rain falling quietly. There was only a faint sense that day would soon be stronger than the dark. For a moment she lay still, wondering uneasily why she had waked so early. Then she remembered with a start that jerked her out of bed.

Last night, very late, Mother had gone to the hospital to have a baby. And today was her birthday; she was twelve years old. The illuminated dial of her little clock said half past five. Terribly early. Eleanor couldn't remember having been awake so early. She tiptoed to the door and peeked out into the dim hall. Not a sound all through the house, except the tick-tick of her clock behind her, and the drip-drip-drip of the rain.

The door squeaked when she opened it wider, and still on tiptoes she went down the hall to her mother's room. That door was wide open, and even in the darkness she could see the bed untouched, the white sheet turned neatly down, on one side only.

Suddenly she was sick with fright. Alec hadn't come home! A sob rose horribly in her throat but she choked it back. She thought of waking the maid, but she remembered how cross Anna was in the morning and ran back to her own room, not caring now how much noise she made.

Mother was dead. Mother was dead! If Alec hadn't come home it must mean Mother was dead. She stood in the middle of her room, shaking. Horrid, fantastic pictures flashed in a jumble through her mind—things the girls at school had whispered about after lights-out had rung. And Margaret Macmillan's mother had died "in childbirth," they said, and Margaret had left St. Albans and not come back. Margaret had looked so puzzled when she came out of Miss Stevenson's office and then she had begun to cry as if what she had just heard meant anything real to her.

"I can't stand it; I can't stand it," Eleanor whimpered over and over again.

But the sound of her own voice steadied her. She must *do* something. She switched on the light and began dressing hurriedly. The hospital was not very far; driving, she had often passed it. . . .

In a few moments she was ready, and turned out the light and ran down the stairs out into the misty rain and the chill darkness. The empty garage gaped at her as she struck off down the road, a sturdy little figure trudging along with her head bent against the wind.

For a while the mere fact of her legs moving back and forth, back and forth, gave her peace But the wind increased and there were particles of sleet that nipped her skin. She hurried.

Alec should have come home to her. But he wouldn't; it was like Alec not to think of her.

When her mother had written that she was going to be married again and that Eleanor was to leave St. Albans and live in a real home with her mother *and* a father, Eleanor had been so happy it had been like pain until she got used to it. She would not even have to spend the summers in camp, because they would all live together in the country and Mother wouldn't need to work any more and she would have a home, a really truly home with maybe a dog and certainly her very own room instead of the cot and one drawer in Mother's bureau at the two-room apartment in the city.

Too good to be true. . . Well, she thought, tasting the first bitter fruit of disillusion, it *had* been too good to be true.

In the month before she left St. Albans she had built up a most amiable picture of Alec, of her new father. But the saturnine, tall man standing beside her mother when she got off the train was, even at first sight, somehow terrifying.

"Hullo," he said, shaking hands.

(Continued on page 42)

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LITHOGRAPH ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Red Alaskan foxes flourish under the watchful protection of the Alaska Game Commission

Hot Fur

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

The dramatic story of the eleven men whose job it is to see that no harm comes to Alaska's hundred million dollars' worth of fur-bearing animals and game

IT IS tough going, down around the Alaska Peninsula in the wintertime. There the prevailing wind from the north beats the grass flat—they say you can steer your course by the direction of the grass—and the stalks of giant rye, tangled together under the soft snow like the strands of an endless fish net, catch the tips of your snowshoes with each step. Day after day, the fog from the Bering Sea wraps the smoking craters of Aniakchak and Venjaminof in a perpetual gray shroud; the river beds are filled with loose volcanic ash, and when you cross a stream the treacherous stuff revolves underfoot and rides you helplessly with the current, like an escalator. It never gets really cold enough to freeze solid in the winter, and the ice will not hold your weight. When a stream is too wide to jump, you have to strip off all your clothes and carry them in a bundle above your head, and wade naked through the icy water and slush.

Tough going; and consequently the two aliens trapping beaver without a license in Stepovak Bay felt secure. Their cabin, filled with a season's haul of illegal skins, faced the broad bay, and they could spot a boat miles away. Even if a warden were foolhardy enough to risk coming by plane, they could hear him in plenty of time to hide their cache. All they had to do was to sit tight and wait to get out in the spring. Contentedly they watched the sea and the sky; and so fixed was their attention that they did not notice the soft crunch of the snow behind them, and their first warning was a polite voice in their ears.

"Sorry, boys," apologized the visitor, "but I got to take those skins away. You're under arrest."

They looked at him in astonishment. They looked at the tracks of his snowshoes, leading down toward their cabin from the bleak and forbidding tundra. They looked at each other, and they shook their heads.

"We thought you might come here by water," one of them complained a little petulantly. "We thought you might even come by air. But only a blankety-blank game warden would ever think of crossing the Alaska Peninsula on foot. . . ."

Big Job in a Big Country

But, of course, the going doesn't matter to these Alaska game wardens. Ice, cold, rain, sleet, all these things are part of their job—one of the toughest jobs in the world. They have to move quick, you see. They have a lot of ground to cover. For they are in charge of a country that is wide enough to reach on your map from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, a wilderness area of over half a million square miles; and the job of protecting all its vast wild-life resources is in their hands and theirs alone.

Each warden in the Alaska service is an experienced fieldman, silent and self-sufficient and shrewd, wise in the ways of the country where he lives, his ears trained to hear the least crack of a twig along the trail, his eyes taught to observe the slightest unusual detail. He has learned to think quick, sometimes to act quick—as happened during a recent investigation up near the headwaters of the Yukon. All the warden knew with certainty was that somebody up there had been trapping out of season; he had nothing more to go on than that. He couldn't get much from the Indians. There was a cabin, the natives said, and a big cache of contraband fur—"plenty marten and beaver"—but he could not find out where it was hidden. He could not even make sure on which tributary stream the cabin stood.

Mind you, this was late in the fall of the year; and any boatman in the interior will tell you how dangerous it is to move by river then, how the skim ice can razor the sides of a light skiff in short order. Already, as the warden's little boat nosed its way upstream against the Yukon's black current, the slush hissed around him, and now and then a revolving sheet of ice like a buzz saw gouged splinters from the wooden bow. The outboard motor sputtered in the driving rain; one misfire, he knew,

(Continued on page 28)

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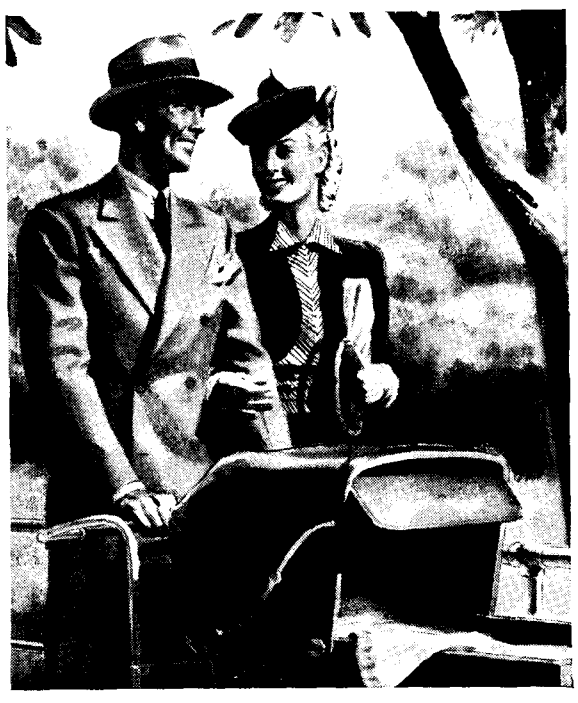
How many kinds of life insurance are there?

PERHAPS YOU ARE one of those who have wondered what the difference is between the various kinds of life insurance.

While there are many different kinds of life insurance *policies*, there are really only *three basic types* of life insurance—Whole Life, Endowment, and Term.

These three types of life insurance are sometimes used in a more or less interchangeable manner, where circumstances make it advisable. Each has features which fit it for certain purposes. Through combinations of the three types, life insurance can be adapted to meet the needs of any insurable individual. The examples given below are intended to show a primary need met by each of these types of insurance and to point out certain important features of each kind.*



1. WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE

WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE is designed to provide *permanent* protection. It is used most commonly when a man wishes to create an insurance estate for his family which, upon his death, will carry them through the period of adjustment, or provide a sum to help make the future more secure.

▶ Let us suppose that you wish your family to receive $1,000 at your death, regardless of *when* that may be.

To accomplish this, you buy a $1,000 Whole Life Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Each member of the insured group must pay enough each year of his life so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay out, over the lifetime of the entire group, 1,000 death claims of $1,000 each—a total of $1,000,000.

▶ In the case of Limited Payment Life Policies, premium payments instead of being spread over a lifetime are concentrated within a shorter period, and are therefore somewhat larger. In either Whole Life or Limited Payment Life Policies, the periodical premiums do not increase as the policyholder grows older, but remain the same each year.

In addition to death payments, a Whole Life Policy also contains other privileges and benefits, which policyholders may, and frequently do, avail themselves of during their lifetimes.

2. ENDOWMENT INSURANCE

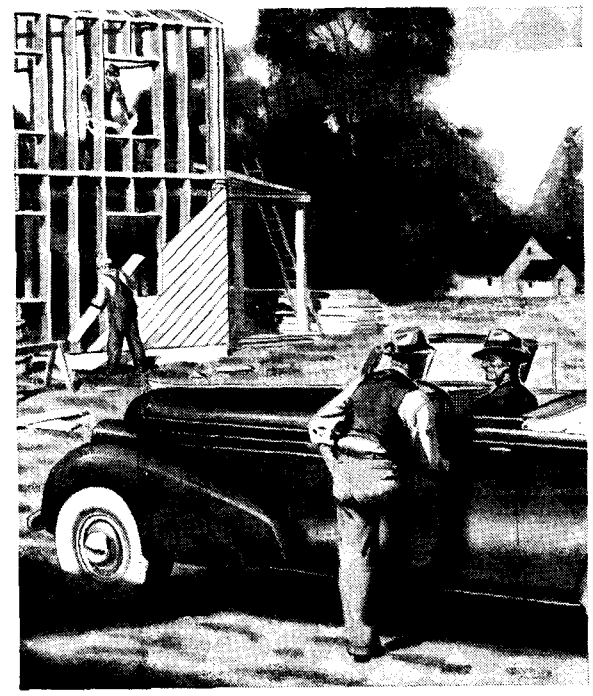
ENDOWMENT INSURANCE is designed for a man who wishes to provide for a *definitely foreseen* monetary need, such as the education of his children.

▶ Let us suppose that you desire an insurance policy that will provide you with $1,000 at the end of a definite period, say 20 years, or pay your family $1,000 if you die within that rime. To meet this need, you buy a $1,000 20-Year Endowment Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Experience shows that in this insured group a certain number of people, say 170, will die within the 20-year period . . . and that 830 of them will still be living at the end of the 20 years. So each member of the group must pay enough each year, so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay out, over the 20-year period, 170 death claims of $1,000 each, in addition to 830 matured endowments of $1,000 each at the *end* of the period—a total of $1,000,000.

▶ The premiums for Endowment Insurance will be higher than those for Whole Life Insurance, because both claim payments and matured endowments are concentrated within a limited period instead of being spread over the lifetimes of the policyholders.

In addition to the benefits available on maturity, Endowment Insurance carries other benefits which the policyholder may elect prior to maturity.



3. TERM INSURANCE

TERM INSURANCE is designed primarily to meet a *temporary* need, such as assuring extra funds to pay off a mortgage or to cover a business loan, *in case of death*. This type of insurance provides for the payment of the face value of the policy to the beneficiaries of the policyholder only in case he dies within the period of time specified by the policy.

▶ Let us suppose that you wish your family to be paid $1,000 if you die within a definite period, say 10 years.

To meet this need, you buy a $1,000 10-Year Term Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Experience shows that in this insured group, a certain number of people, say 90, will die within the 10-year period. Therefore, each member of the group must pay only enough, each year he lives of the 10-year period, so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay beneficiaries 90 death claims of $1,000 each—a total of $90,000.

▶ Naturally, the 910 policyholders in the group who will still be living at the end of the 10 years, having obtained the protection they desired, will receive nothing more—except certain renewal or conversion privileges included in some policies.

• • • •

There you have the three basic types of life insurance. Some people will find one type suited to their needs. Others will wish to have more than one type. In addition, many policies include provisions under which the insurance proceeds are paid out in some form of income instead of in one sum.

▶ Life insurance has been made so comprehensive and so adaptable that, no matter what your specific needs may be, a life insurance program can be shaped to meet them.

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*This is Number 20 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In this advertisement, no attempt is made to consider such matters as dividends, reserves, taxes, expenses, etc. These subjects have been discussed in preceding advertisements, copies of which will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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. . . as you drive

You can't get a better oil at 25¢

SAVE nickels, dimes, quarters, *dollars* with the extra miles that *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil gives you. Insulated, it withstands the higher oil temperatures of modern driving. *Fur-fur-al* refined it contains no harmful, wasteful impurities. Your engine gets better lubrication with *less oil* used. Start using *Insulated* Texaco Motor Oil today.

Prices higher in Canada

"DON'T HIBERNATE . . . INSULATE"

Protect your car for winter now

TEXACO DEALERS

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre — a full hour of all-star entertainment —Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 7:00 M.S.T., 6:00 P.S.T.

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The Chinese Influence

Continued from page 15

that time. That was the beginning of the end. The ski boot."

Peter paused. "I used to come over and see her at this swank flat her old lady had. I should have known better. This was after we were down from Bar Harbor. I had made some knots with her up there. She liked me. You know—moon, water, what the hell! I had a good wardrobe. They didn't know I was a cartoonist up there."

Peter reached out and snatched his companion back from a yellow cab crossing Fifth Avenue on 23d Street. "Say," he said, "you seem damned interested. Don't you watch the lights?"

The little Chinese beamed and nodded. "Just being polite, I guess, my diminutive pal," Peter said. "That's what I want. Attention. Where was I? Out on the float? No. Down here. I finally told her my job. She came up to my flat with another couple and thought it was romantic. I have to have a studio, see, with a north light. Expensive as hell. That's really the trouble. Not enough dough.

"I did a sketch of her, slightly flattering, and signed it, 'Always your own.' Say, I wonder where that is? One of the best things I ever did. It was around the flat after we got married. I wonder if she took it! It would be just like her. Well, we had dinner up at the flat. I had it cleaned up pretty fair and there was a screen around all the odds and ends I couldn't put away. I made the screen, too. I fooled with oils for a while. It stinks, but she liked it."

PETER walked along then for a couple of blocks not saying anything. His face was long. "I don't have to think silently," he said. "I can think out loud; that's what I paid the fin for. I can chatter away to this dried-up little heathen. Get that, you dried-up little heathen? Where were we? Oh, yes, dinner. Well, she liked it. Damn it, she is beautiful. I want to be fair. I married her And do you know what happened? I get a bill from some store I never heard of, for eighteen fish. One hat!"

Peter paused. "Listen," he went on, "before I was married I caught *all* the good shows. All of 'em. I even used to go into a bar and have a couple of drinks, sometimes. You know, drinks? Pay cash, too. I don't know where the money goes. Eighteen bucks for a hat and I make forty a week. But don't you worry. I'm going to have me a syndicated comic strip some day, and then I'll be in the chips. Of course, I couldn't do anything *you'd* think was funny, little dead pan. . . .

"Where were we? Oh, yes. I told you about that '*I do*' line. Well, here we are in this flat. Happy. You never saw anything like it. Hey! Watch that traffic. You'll get yourself killed."

Peter watched the traffic light. "Say," he asked when they were safely across, "what's your name?" He stopped on the corner and pointed solemnly to himself. "Pete." He said distinctly "Me Pete." Then he pointed to the top vest button of his companion.

The little man looked puzzled for a moment, then grinned broadly. "Me Yin," he said

"All right, Yin, my incautious little coolie, we were happy, see? Too happy. I want to be fair. She couldn't cook, she couldn't clean, she bought stuff like a drunken sailor and she bellyached about the rent and she liked to got me razzed out of the office, calling me up to see if I had my rubbers come a heavy dew. . . . I got along without her for damn' near thirty years, didn't I? What business . . . But we were happy, see? Damn it, anyway."

Peter Flournoy walked swiftly then for a little while, not speaking. Yin trotted docilely beside him.

"We went up to the Catskills last summer for a couple of weeks. Nothing fancy, just a cabin, a little fishing and lying around in the sun," Peter said dreamily. He jerked himself around.

"Where was I? Married, yeah, and she was calling up the office all the time and when I called her I had to go down and spend a nickel. They'd have kidded the pants off me. I couldn't call from the office. And, anyway, a quarter a day's not going to break anyone. Well, we had been married quite a while—three, four months. I was getting behind the eight ball faster all the time. Owed everybody. Still do. Then I got it. I would start a strip. Get syndicated and the dough would roll in.

"I can draw. I can draw swell; you watch the Globe. First page, second section. Anyway, I got around and talked to some people. Six-weeks sample strips they wanted. And a story. Family life, that sort of thing. Blondie, Moon Mullins, Annie Rooney, Alley Oop. Look at 'em, they all have a sort of running story. Why, I can remember when Walt found Skeezix on the doorstep and here Skeezix is about to go to college or something. I can draw with any of them. I needed a good idea. I told her my plans. That was really what split us up.

"'Well,' she'd say, 'why don't you work? Don't just sit there and stare at the paper. Work. You can't get ideas sitting there like a statue.' It was all right the first few times and then I finally hit her. I didn't really hit her, just acted like I'd like to and I ranted around a little, too. And swore. Who wouldn't? I want to be fair. I may have carried on a little too strong but, damn it, this was about the hundredth time I'd heard that crack. It didn't do any good to tell her that I'd rather be working on something than sitting there biting my fingernails down to the elbow. But did that do any good? Not so you could notice. The next morning I would be up sitting there in front of that board and Anita would be out there in the kitchen breaking dishes—oh, yes, her name was Anita. Anita Wilton. You know, Wilton and Crenshaw, Investment Bankers.

"Well, Anita would be out there in the kitchen breaking dishes and squealing every time she burned herself, which was about every two minutes, and I would be sitting in there looking at that *damned board trying to think.*"

PETER stopped. A smile crossed his face but he pulled his lips quickly together. "Let's go across 57th and up Riverside," he said. "Then she'd get through and come in looking smug as a cat that can open milk bottles because she'd washed two dishes, and sit down with a book. And every page she turned she'd look up at me to see if I was drawing. If I wasn't she'd heave a sigh like a broken accordion and read another page. Well, that sigh would burn me, but after about ten minutes she would say, 'You'll never get an idea sitting there like a dunce in the corner. Why don't you sort of shop around, draw something? It might give you an idea.' 'I'd just have to tear it up,' I'd say.

"That would start it. Usually I would go out and walk around in the park till I cooled off. Then by the time I had to get down to the office she'd be all right; we'd make up and everything would be fine. You can see that couldn't last. Hell's bells, we've been married six

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months. . . . Gee, tomorrow is our sixth anniversary. . . ."

Peter stopped and walked aimlessly for a minute, his head down.

"Anyway," he said disconsolately, "she left me. We were having breakfast. I was trying to think. She made the old suggestion, 'Why don't you go in and just draw anything, maybe you'll get an idea.' I didn't say anything. Then she says, 'I wish I were able to help you.' 'You help me,' I said, 'like a rock tied around my neck!' and got up and went to my board.

"She didn't squeal once. She's got the most beautiful hands, and I make a crack like that when she's washing dishes for me and living like that. I'm a louse. I didn't even hear her leave. She left a little note." Peter turned then suddenly to the little man. "This is Columbus Circle," he said. "Here's the other half of the five. Don't get run over. I'm going to the office." He turned and ran.

The little Chinese had a hard time catching him but he did. He was holding out his hand and beaming. "Me Yin," he said. "*Me Yin Joy.*"

Peter looked at him a moment nonplused. Then he grinned, taking the outstretched hand. "Me Pete," he said. "Me Pete Flournoy. Good luck, my myopic little mandarin. Watch the lights."

ANITA was in the living room when Peter came in the next morning. The flat gleamed, but he didn't notice that; all the light in the room was on Anita and Anita was home. He ran across the room.

After a little while she handed him the letter. He took it and shook out the contents. There was a torn five-dollar bill and a note. He read the note; it said:

"Dear Mrs. Flournoy:

"Your husband, Peter, through a mistake, told me of your departure from his humble domicile. Please go back. Obviously you two are very much in love and he has been punished terribly. Go back and pursue the same course. Drive him to success; he must be driven.

"Yours sincerely,
"YIN JOY."

"P. S. Tell Peter it was the waiter who could not speak English. Also tell him that *some* Orientals have a sense of humor."

Peter read the letter twice. Then he straightened up.

"So," he said, "I called him an incautious coolie and a myopic mandarin and a dried-up heathen and Lord knows what else!"

Anita grinned. "That's fine," she said. "The most famous Chinese philosopher and lecturer alive." She took the letter back. "I think I'll just sort of keep this," she said.

Peter walked over to the board and took up a pencil. He drew Anita, caricatured, dominant, pouting. She was at a door, just going out. He drew himself, small, woebegone, with a large black eye. He penciled in words in the balloon above the girl. "*I'm going home to Mother, you brute!*" he wrote.

"Okay, Toots," he said. "Drive me. Here goes Volume One, Number One of the Flournoy strip. I have some weapons, too."

Anita came over and looked at it. He watched her face. It went gradually pale with rage and then there came a tear in her eye.

"Oh, darn it," she moaned finally, "I think it's funny, too."

"She says she's going to be hostess on his bombing plane"

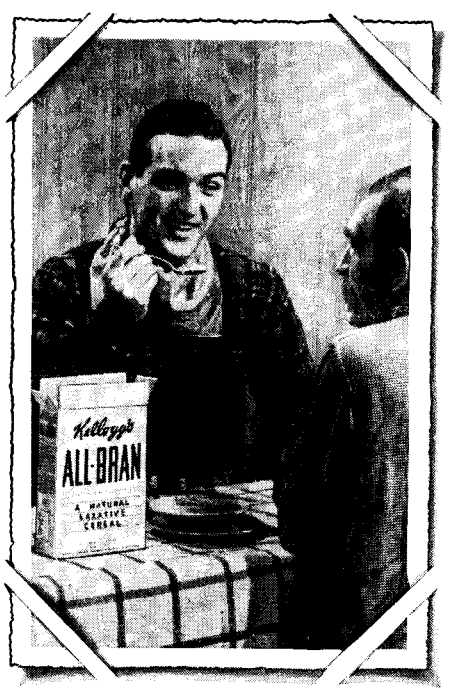
GARRETT PRICE

Story of the Girl and the Cowboy

THE GIRL: Come on, Cowboy! Let's take a ride.

THE COWBOY: Miss, I got troubles that are taking *me* for a ride!

OLD JOE: So you pass up the prettiest filly on the place! What business has a cowboy with constipation? You don't eat right! Bet you don't get enough bulk! KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast might make you right as rain.



THE COWBOY: So this is ALL-BRAN! Mmm! It shore beats those cathartics!

OLD JOE: Right! For ALL-BRAN gets at the *cause* of your trouble. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water.

THE GIRL: (sometime later) So you won the rodeo prize today. You certainly are a regular fellow!

THE COWBOY: (to himself) Guess I got Joe to thank for that "regular" part.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

"We'll see you through," he said to her. And then to Jocelyn: "What shall we do now?"

The Story Thus Far:

FOR more than two years, Jocelyn Britton, a stenographer in a San Francisco law office, fancies herself in love with a married man: Kent Dunham. Then it dawns on her—while she is alone with Dunham, in a little cabin near Piedmont—that what she had thought was love had been merely a strong infatuation. Obeying a sudden impulse, she leaves the cabin, steps into her car and drives away.

It is night; a storm is raging. Her car becomes unmanageable. When day breaks, a passing motorist (a good-natured little man who is slightly intoxicated) picks her up and takes her to the nearest railway station.

A short time later, Philip Fordyce, one of her employers, gives her a new job—that of chaperoning his wild, harum-scarum young daughter, Norma. The girl's mother (divorced and twice remarried) has not been able to control her. Fordyce thinks that Jocelyn may at least succeed in keeping her out of scrapes. Jocelyn welcomes the opportunity to concentrate on a new and difficult job.

But, ensconced in Hill Acres, the beautiful Fordyce estate in Burlingame, Jocelyn soon learns that she can do nothing with the girl—Norma simply will not behave herself. And, after a series of stormy experiences, Fordyce's divorced wife comes to Burlingame and bundles her daughter off to Honolulu.

Meanwhile, Philip Fordyce and Jocelyn—thrown together constantly—have fallen in love. After Norma's departure, they decide to be married in the near future. While they are discussing their plans, at Hill Acres, Kent Dunham bursts in upon them. He upbraids Jocelyn for dropping him; then, drawing a revolver, he shoots at her—and misses. A moment later, he shoots himself and dies.

But an even worse shock awaits the lovers. Norma suddenly arrives. She tells Jocelyn and Philip that she has run away from her mother. Then—at first diffidently, then in a torrent of words—she confesses that she has just terminated a serious, but brief, "affair" with a Hungarian prince ("Juju"). "I hate him!" she exclaims. "And I didn't tell him. I didn't tell anyone."

Philip stares at her. "You didn't tell him *what?*" he asks quietly. Jocelyn glances at Norma. The girl does not answer. Nor is there need for an answer; her face—tense, white, stamped with terror—is as revealing as words could ever be.

XI

AFTER a while Philip said, "What shall we do now, Jocelyn?" and Jocelyn's heart warmed suddenly to new and unexpected pride. He was in trouble and he needed her! Norma had gone to her father and was sitting on the edge of his chair, her arm about his neck, her head resting wearily against him, and suddenly Jocelyn felt that perhaps father and daughter had never been so closely united in spirit as now; she grieved at last to have hurt and shamed him, and he was conscious of her need of protection and help.

"We'll think it out, darling," he had said to her. "We'll see you through." And then, to Jocelyn: "What shall we do now?"

"We have time," she said. "We have time to plan."

"Not if we're to be married on Saturday!"

"Well, we could change that."

"But not without letting everyone know that something serious had happened."

"Let me think. First, I suppose, we'll have somehow to explain that Norma ran off on a freighter," she began. "We've got to assume that—oh, I know what we can do! I know—if we could *manage—we can manage!* Listen, Phil. If we could keep it quiet that Norma is here—I suppose the servants would know, anyway—"

"Yep. There's no place she wouldn't be known. No hotel or school where they wouldn't recognize her. What would we gain, anyway?"

"The Matsonia gets in tomorrow, don't you see? She and her maid would come in on that!"

"Without anyone knowing?"

"Without anyone knowing because she didn't want any publicity."

"But they'd know she ran away."

"To her father's wedding."

"Oh, yes, that's right!" he said, his dark face brightening. "She sneaked away and didn't want anyone to know."

"And anyone who was on board, Phil, could only say, 'We never saw her. She and her maid kept absolutely to their *rooms.*'"

"And should we meet her on the dock?"

"Oh, Daddy, you *could!*" Norma said.

"THE first time she's ever cared," Jocelyn thought, "what other people were saying about her."

"We could," her father said, hesitatingly.

"We could all three sit in the car, Phil, until the people were coming down the gangplank. Then we could suddenly appear, circling around among them, welcoming Norma. It could be done."

"But where would we tell the servants and Granny—I mean the servants in this house, Jocelyn—that Mattress was?"

"Mattress was ill. You said she's been ill. You brought another maid and let her go."

"But the newspapermen will all be *there,*" Norma said, wincing.

"But what of it? That just gives color to it, Norma. That just lets everyone know that you came home for your father's wedding. We go right from the boat to Sausalito and are married just as we planned."

"That doesn't solve everything," Philip said. "But it saves our faces for the time being. But then—we were leaving for Canada—" he went on uncertainly.

"Suppose Norma comes back here and stays a few days with her Granny. Then, when your mother goes up to the Rogue, she comes on and joins us."

"Well," he said considering, approving, his face still dark and stern. "Well. And then what?"

(Continued on page 44)

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TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS SURE TO WIN THE HEARTY THANKS OF ANY MAN

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TRIM as a fine watch and as precisely built, the new Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shaver is convenient, easy to handle and combines one advantage after another found in no other AC razor. Priced at only $10, it gives quick, comfortable, good-looking shaves . . . makes an impressive gift for men and women alike.

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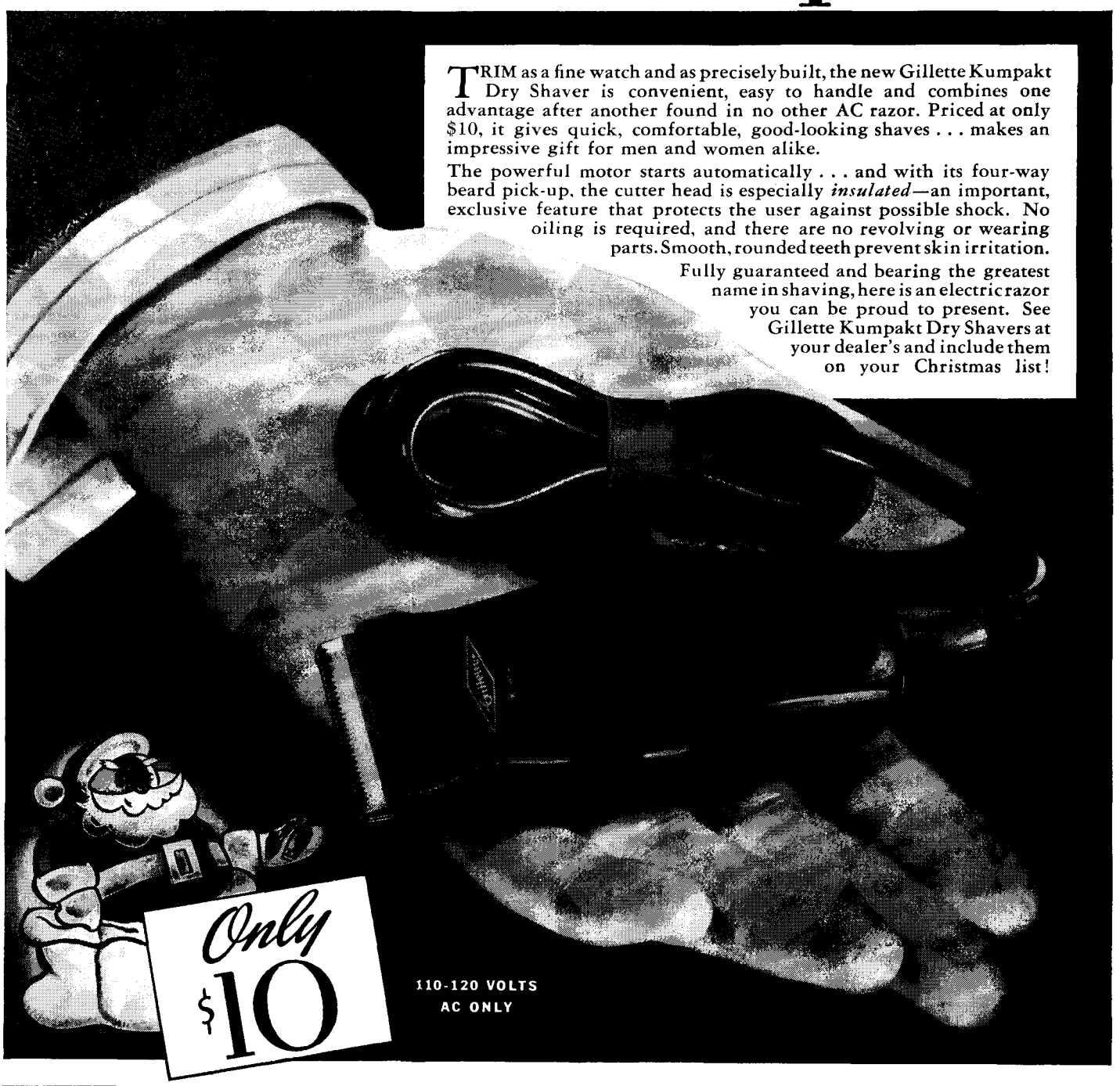
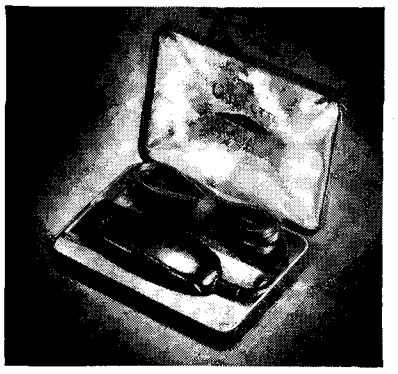
Fully guaranteed and bearing the greatest name in shaving, here is an electric razor you can be proud to present. See Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shavers at your dealer's and include them on your Christmas list!





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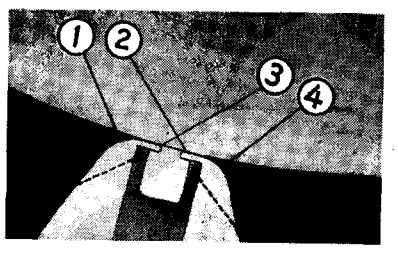

DOUBLE-ACTION head feeds whiskers to the cutter at four points. Even short hairs lying flat against the skin are sheared off close. The cutter bar makes 14,400 one-way strokes per minute. Razor never needs oiling.

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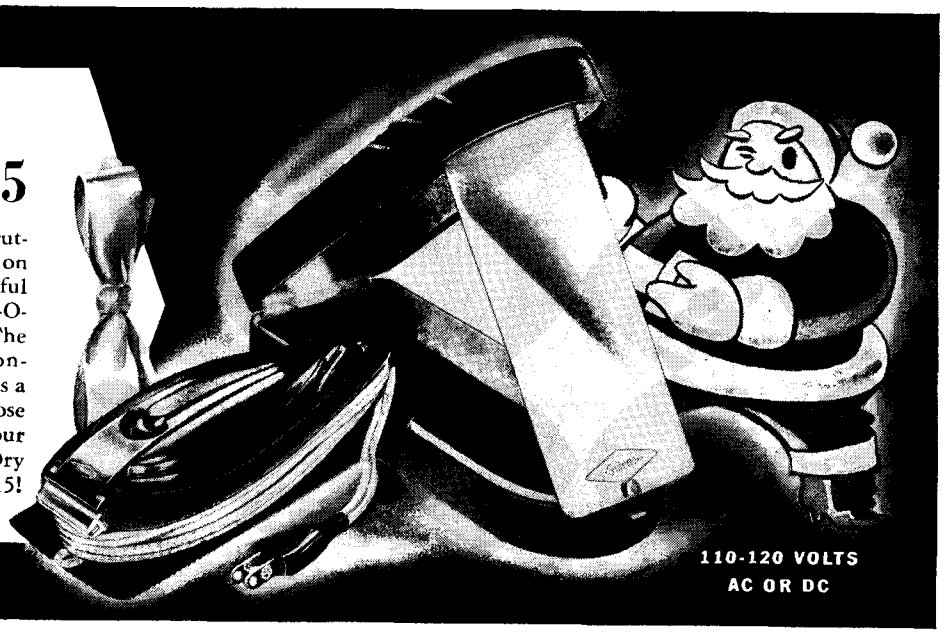
AMONG electric razors, the most distinguished gift of all is the Gillette Deluxe Dry Shaver. And *now* you can buy this fine, $20 precision instrument for only $15 . . . a saving of 25%. The Gillette Deluxe not only combines advantages of other electric razors, but has exclusive features that make dry shaving quicker, easier than ever before! Goose-neck construction lets you shave with your arm in a perfectly natural position. Gillette's exclusive cutter head has no equal. Operating on either AC or DC circuits, the powerful motor never falters . . . and "Elim-O-Stat suppresses radio interference". The attractive all-steel case, with non-breakable mirror and wall-bracket is a convenience men appreciate. So, choose the "aristocrat of gifts" . . . ask your dealer for the Gillette Deluxe Dry Shaver at the new low price of only $15!



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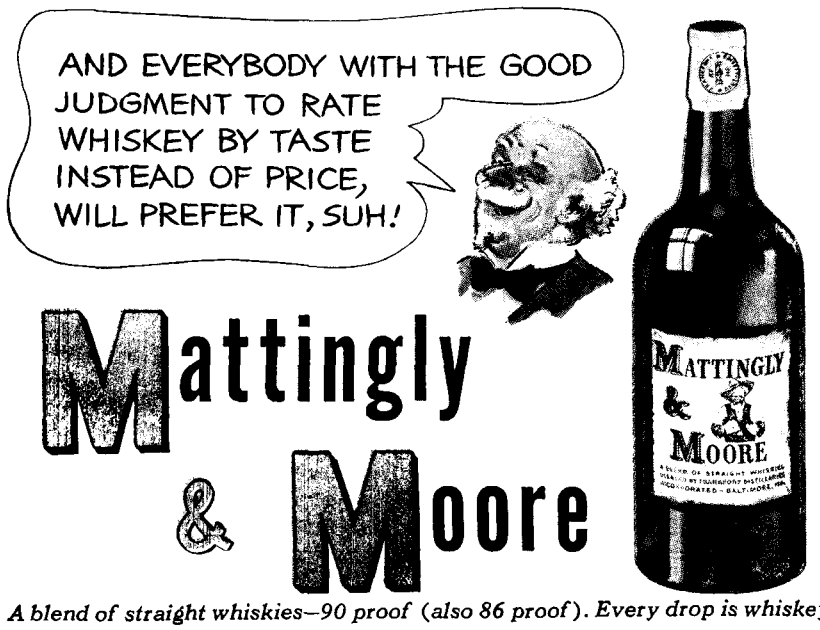
SHOW ME ANYTHING REALLY SUPERIOR THAT ISN'T EXPENSIVE, MR. MOORE.
THAT'S EASY, SUH! OUR M&M IS ONE OF THE GRANDEST WHISKIES MADE—YET ITS PRICE IS EXCEPTIONALLY LOW!



Mattingly & Moore

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof (also 86 proof). Every drop is whiskey!
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Hot Fur

Continued from page 22

and the boat would whirl back out of control toward the hungry rapids. Furthermore, darkness was closing in fast; there would not be more than another hour of daylight. Any one of a dozen side streams might conceal the violators. No time now for exploring a false lead. He had to hit the right one. He had to be sure.

That was when he noticed it, in the nick of time, bobbing out of a small tributary stream as he passed, whirling with the current, halting for a moment in an eddy before it was caught up by the main rush of the river. Just an empty matchbox, tossed heedlessly into the little creek somewhere half a mile upstream; but it told him all he needed to know. An hour later his little skiff was headed back down the river again, heavier by two disgruntled trappers and a valuable seizure of contraband fur. . . .

Eleven Men and an Empire

But really to understand just how difficult is the job of this group of men who handle Alaska's game, first have a look at Alaska itself. Here is a country still virtually a wilderness (the entire population of Alaska, white and native, would not come even close to filling the Yale Bowl), with great regions still unexplored, often with stretches of hundreds of miles between any habitations. In the winter—when lawbreakers are apt to be most active—there are not more than four hours of daylight. In the summer, insects render whole sections well-nigh impenetrable. It is a land of climatic extremes: the temperature in Fairbanks may have an annual range of one hundred and fifty degrees. From the perpetually frozen tundra of Point Barrow to the temperate climate of Wrangell and Ketchikan—which is warmer than Washington or Oregon—stretches one of the most majestic and varied terrains in the world, a virgin territory fully a fifth the size of the whole United States, with a coast line longer than that of the States.

How large is the staff, then, which must patrol all this vast area? How many boats and trucks and planes does Uncle Sam provide the Alaska Game Commission in order to protect and manage its magnificent herds of game and fur-bearing animals, valued conservatively at a hundred million dollars? How many wardens to handle America's last and greatest wild-life domain?

The answer is—eleven.

Exactly eleven—each with an individual district larger than the entire state of New York. Five small boats to cover 26,000 miles of treacherous coast line, extending from British Columbia across the Pacific almost to Japan's Kurile Islands, northward to Siberia's East Cape, across to the ice-locked polar seas. One secondhand plane for 586,000 square miles.

They never could bring off the job at all, of course, were it not for the confidence and co-operation of the citizens of Alaska. But, fortunately, the people in this north country are naturally law-abiding themselves; and game and fur have filled too important a place in their history for them to permit anyone to destroy it illegally. Today, information and complaints about violators pour into Juneau faster than the Commission—with its pitifully inadequate funds and equipment—can hope to handle them. Moreover, the local courts co-operate to a large extent with the Game Commission: out of 144 violators arraigned last year, for example, the Commission secured the almost unparalleled total of 143 convictions. Bit by bit, backed by public sentiment, these G-men of the North—G stands for Game—have won the respect not only of their law-abiding neighbors in Alaska, but also of alien trappers and poachers and occasional fugitive criminals from the States as well. As, for example, the Ketchikan Kid . . .

For some years, it seems, the Ketchikan Kid had been carrying on a series of colorful but somewhat dubious commercial enterprises down in southeastern Alaska. Having run up an impressive police record back in the States, under another and better known name, the Kid had found it expedient to come north to Alaska to escape the heat. Here he sought to vary the monotony of the long winter months by dabbling in various profitable pursuits, ranging all the way from narcotics and white slavery to the theft, alone and in broad daylight, of a two-ton solid concrete anchor.

Aided and abetted by an arsenal alleged to consist of seventy-nine guns, moreover, the Kid had managed successfully to elude the Coast Guard, the federal narcotics squad, assorted treasury officials and the local police. As it happened, it was none of these agencies which brought the Kid's business career to an abrupt conclusion. His capture was effected by a lone individual in worn field boots and whipcord breeches and a broad-brimmed campaign hat, who strolled unconcernedly into his cabin one morning and informed him that he was under arrest.

The Kid was a fatalist.

"I guess I had it coming," he shrugged, putting his hands in the air. "What's the count? Rum? Dope?"

"Oh, no," his captor informed him. "Last week you were hunting out of season. You know you can't get away with that stuff up here in Alaska."

Big international fur-smuggling rings still operate in the bleak hinterland; mysterious planes fly through the fog and mist to bring out contraband beaver by way of the islands and Canada. Any trifling clue—a drunken native perhaps, or the faltering glance of a stranger on the wooden sidewalks of Ketchikan—may be enough to point the trail.

It Pays to Play Hunches

There was no reason to suspect anything out of the ordinary, for example, about the little purse-seine boat tied up at the pier in Wrangell. To be sure, the boat belonged to Pete Faler, and Pete's record was none too savory; and, too, Pete had made a rather obvious effort this afternoon to cross the street in order to avoid speaking to the warden. And then there was that big seaplane the warden had seen anchored beside the float this afternoon; he had climbed onto a pontoon and glanced inside, but the plane seemed to be empty. Nothing suspicious, really; but in this business you have to play hunches a little. So the warden called the customs man, and together they boarded Pete's boat and lifted off the hatches. The hold was filled with big rocks, obviously for ballast; there was no cargo in sight. The warden shook his head thoughtfully. You do not make a long trip, carrying rocks for ballast, when you can always pick up a load of fish to cover expenses; you must be planning to take on something else, he reasoned, something that does not weigh much—something like furs. Pete's voluble explanation of the empty boat—"We're going to Seattle to get it repaired"—was not satisfactory. Why not repair it here? "Well, we were figuring to get

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groceries and stuff," Pete added glibly, "and bring 'em back to trade along the Peninsula." The warden hesitated: Pete's boat was too small to make trading profitable, but he had no way of proving that Pete was lying. Reluctantly he went away.

Later that afternoon, in a saloon uptown, he learned a little more. Someone had seen Pete in heated conversation with the pilot of the big seaplane, and had heard Pete turn down five hundred dollars to make a trip to a certain island in British Columbia—"not with that so-and-so game warden right on my tail." Now, at last, the warden knew what direction his trail was leading him. He waited until the big seaplane had taken off, dispatched a brief wire to the Canadian authorities, chartered a second plane and set out in pursuit; and that night saw the arrest of a prominent Alaska pilot, which led to the confiscation of several hundred beaver skins both in the plane and cached on the island, and the exposure of one of the biggest fur-smuggling rings in recent Alaska history.

To be sure, with only one plane at the Commission's disposal, a warden sometimes has to resort to strategy—as occurred when they arrested Sammy Sisko in Minto last Christmas Day. "It was forty below zero on the Yukon," reads the laconic penciled report that we saw in Juneau later. "Heavy fog on the Fairbanks field, but came out on top in brilliant sunshine at five hundred feet. Circled Sisko's cabin on the Tanana River but noticed no smoke or chip pile; so followed a snowshoe trail along the river, observing from the air and finally spotted second cabin, with smoke coming from it, hidden back in heavy timber on a small slough. Having located nearest safe landing as I went by the cabin and on down the river, I came back on short throttle from an elevation, gradually closing the throttle so as to give Sisko the impression that the plane was getting farther and farther away. After cutting motors and coasting to a landing on the river ice, I taxied to a point near mouth of slough, left the ship, and rushed the cabin. Sisko was in the act of skinning a red fox, and had other foxes, lynx, mink and ermine lying in a pile on the floor. . . . Brought Sisko back in plane, later returned on foot to get his dogs. . . ."

A Bad Break for Cupid

On the other hand, there was more luck than strategy in the arrest of Montana Pete. Montana was a hot-fur dealer with a criminal record back in the States that would read like a nightmare to J. Edgar Hoover; and the warden who raided his cabin expected at least a show of resistance. To his surprise, Montana greeted him cordially, but with an expression of what appeared to be acute embarrassment. The warden, his gun still held in readiness, gazed puzzled from the docile Montana to a fat Eskimo woman who was giggling happily, pointing at the warden's uniform, then throwing her arms around Montana's neck, jabbering excitedly in her native tongue. Montana caught the warden's eye, and lowered his voice.

"Okay, okay," he said quickly. "Arrest me, will ya? I promised her that as soon as somebody showed up in uniform around here, we'd get him to marry us." He shuddered as the Eskimo planted an-

"Aw, come on! You can always get another toothbrush!" JAY IRVING

Hawaii

has been especially blessed

This brief story about Hawaii necessarily makes little attempt at completeness. Emphasis is placed upon the privilege of reveling in almost constant June weather, the beauty of cities and countryside, the usual sports and many found only in Hawaii. But to make an adequate profile of these Islands—*you* must do it—when you're here.

We ask you to believe that the particular spot known as Hawaii has been especially blessed. Of course, we speak for the people of Hawaii, who want you to come and visit. But we don't weight truth with exaggeration.

We don't say there aren't other places—interesting and important. But we do claim in Hawaii's behalf that nowhere else will you find so many of all the things that make for peace, happiness and contentment.

There are thousands of reasons for this assertion. The thousands upon thousands who have visited Hawaii (the Islands of Hawaii, Maui, Kauai and Oahu)—who say such things without a dissenting voice. Have you ever talked to someone who has visited Hawaii? We hope so.

The text and pictures (photographs in natural color for reality) in our booklet "*Nani O Hawaii*," taken together, will enable you to realize something of Hawaii's appeal and attractions. Information about the frequent sailings of magnificent liners from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, B. C., and modest costs will enable you to sum practical things up. All of which are reasons for calling upon your Travel Agent, who provides this helpful service without cost or obligation.

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THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

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other wet kiss on his cheek. "Come on, bud, let's get the hell to jail."

They told us another story in Alaska this summer—a story that we might have taken for wild-eyed fiction if we had not seen the records of the case. The man—we will call him Joe Creek—had been known for years as a game-law violator who boasted of the fact that he killed moose the year round to feed his dogs and to bait his traps. It was toward the end of winter that a warden finally headed by plane for the isolated country at the base of the Alaska range to locate Creek's cabin and to bring him out. He spotted the cabin, on the edge of a lake; but the ice was beginning to break up and the pilot could set the plane down for only a couple of minutes—just long enough for the warden to jump out with his sleeping bag and a handful of food. The warden stood uneasily for a moment, watching the plane as it faded away into the snow-laden sky. Now he was on his own, he knew; he would have to find his way back to civilization as best he could.

Joe Creek was not at the cabin when he rushed the door. There was only Creek's thirteen-year-old son, sick and scared, tending a team of lank and emaciated dogs. The very mention of his father's name made the boy wince; and it was only after much persuasion that the warden learned the truth. Somehow Creek had gotten word that the law was after him; just a day earlier he had set out alone, with what little food there was in the cabin, leaving the boy behind. The warden hesitated, and glanced at the threatening skies. He might still stand a chance of catching up with Creek, if he struck out at once; but that would mean deserting the boy, and the youngster was obviously too weak to make a go of it by himself. The warden shrugged, hitched up the team, and bundled the sick boy onto the sled.

A Warden in the Making

That night the snow began in earnest, a wet blizzard that soaked them both to the skin. He kept on through the storm until the dogs played out, rested them a couple of hours, then mushed on again along the half-obliterated trail that Creek had taken. All that next day, and the next night, he pushed ahead; by this time his food had given out, and they made out as best they could with some pieces of frozen moose-meat bait the warden found in Creek's traps along the trail. Now and then, when he noticed that the boy in the sled was growing numb with cold, he would halt and take off some of his own clothes to put around the youngster while he dried the boy's wet garments in front of a sputtering fire of soggy hemlock boughs. His records show that, all told, he had just five hours' sleep in those five full days of traveling; but finally his tired team came within sight of a small native settlement. And there, less than a mile from shelter, he caught up with Joe Creek at last.

The boy? We were talking with him this summer. He is living with the warden and his wife today, enrolled in the local high school. He told us that he is counting the days until his schoolwork is over. You see, he has to finish school before he can be a warden.

But it is not about arrests and convictions that these fieldmen of the Game Commission like to talk. They feel that law enforcement is a necessary but unfortunate part of their duty; what they are far more interested in—and what they told us about instead, with justifiable pride—was the recent successful experiments they have made in restocking "thin areas" in Alaska with game, and establishing new paying crops of fur bearers in the Territory. They told us of the thriving herd of musk ox on Nunivak Island, for example, transplanted to Alaska from Greenland after an absence of nearly a century; and of the bunch of elk established on Afognak Island in the Alaska Gulf; and the herd of Montana buffalo thriving today in the rich Tanana Valley.

They showed us islands in southeastern Alaska where red squirrels, planted a few years ago, now serve to furnish food for the more recently transplanted marten and thus insure a valuable new fur crop for Alaska in the near future. They explained how the tiny Sitkan deer are forced down onto the beaches of these islands during the heavy snows each year and remain there to starve because they are too weak to crawl back over the heavy drifts; and how the wardens save scores of them each winter by picking them up in skiffs and feeding them on gruel until their strength returns.

Alaska Alibis

They told us of the characteristic incidents that occur in the course of a year's patrol, things that could happen in no other place but Alaska. Of the elderly Chinaman arrested for killing game out of season, for example, who explained to the warden with great dignity that he was a witch doctor and needed the hearts and livers for use in compounding some of his ancient and honorable remedies. Or of the Oriental cannery worker nabbed in midsummer with a grouse in his possession, who undertook to plead his own case before the judge. "Sorry, My Honor. All big mistake. Me shoot at clow—down come glousie." Or of the alien trapper arrested late in the fall and sentenced to three months in jail, who appealed to the Commissioner in Juneau for leniency.

"I was just wondering if maybe you could see your way to extending my sentence another couple of months, Frank," he pleaded, "so's I won't be turned out of a nice warm jail right in the middle of winter."

Because this is what they feel their real job to be: The job of understanding the people in Alaska, the job of spreading the gospel of conservation among these people, the job of demonstrating to a primitive country, which had neither known nor wanted game laws up to now, the increasing need for some general wild-life protection before it is too late. The unique job of teaching game management to the natives—to the Aleuts of the Bering Sea, whose fox-farming islands are included in the thousand-mile Aleutian chain which has been set aside as a bird sanctuary, perhaps the largest of its kind in the entire world; to the Indians of southeastern Alaska, accustomed for generations to hunt as they pleased; to the far-off Eskimos living along the Arctic Ocean.

For things have changed since the old days when a warden was classed along with black flies or a blister on the heel as just one more pest sent to plague the harassed sportsman. Slowly people have grown more conscious of the need for game management and control.

"Our real work is to keep our ranges filled with wild life for the use of the people," says Frank Dufresne, executive officer of the Commission. "To this end, we have embarked on a program which includes careful investigation and the tabulating of Alaska's wild-life resources, planting of foods and improvement of covers, restocking of thin areas, and transplanting of new game to Alaska whenever it is expedient. If we are willing to work together in Alaska, to temper our hunting instincts in keeping with the times and to accept necessary regulations with tolerance, there is no reason why we may not share our heritage with succeeding generations."

A word about Frank Dufresne: for the spectacular success of the Alaska Game Commission is due in large part to

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his farsighted policy of enlisting the cooperation of everyone in the Territory in the cause of conservation. Frank Dufresne knows Alaska. He has traveled most of it, by dog sled and by foot, and has studied its wild life firsthand, both as a scientific observer—his recent count of the bear on Admiralty Island ranks as one of the most impressive game surveys ever attempted—and as an active warden in the field. He knows its peculiar problems and possibilities; and he knows how hopeless it would be to try to impose unwelcome regulations on the widely scattered population.

Instead, as far as possible, the residents of Alaska write their own game laws. Every year, for example, the Game Commission sends out letters asking for suggestions from the fur dealers, trappers and registered guides in the Territory; and on their replies, and on the reports of wardens about game scarcity, are based the regulations for the ensuing season. Similarly, nonsporting groups are asked to co-operate: when cross-country planes were reported by residents to be flying low and circling big-game animals sighted during the flight, the Commission sent a tactful letter to all pilots in the Territory: "When moose, mountain sheep, goats and caribou are accompanied by their young during the spring and early summer, planes may do great damage by swooping down and roaring over them at close range, causing the parent animals to trample or desert their young in their alarm, or sometimes causing females to lose their unborn calves. . . . We appeal to your good judgment and sportsmanship."

Unfortunately for Alaska—and for the sportsmen of the whole United States who look to the Territory for the last unspoiled fishing in America—the sport fishing of Alaska recently has been wantonly sacrificed to the selfish desires of the politically powerful salmon canneries in the Territory. As a result, while fur bearers and mammals in Alaska have been increasing, the supply of game fish has been as steadily decreasing—as witness the fact that the famed Russian River has been depleted so badly that extraordinary steps are being considered today to save its unparalleled rainbow fishing before it is too late. Under the politically prejudiced rules of the Bureau of Fisheries, during the past five years, all fish hatcheries seem to have been abandoned in Alaska, an insane bounty payment of two and a half cents on Dolly Vardens (our Western brook trout) has been and still is condoned, and each year paid employees of the Bureau of Fisheries, under orders from Washington, slaughter and leave to rot on the banks millions of pounds of choice game fish, as a concession to the wealthy canneries that claim that the trout destroy salmon eggs. It is ironic that it should be the Forest Service and to a lesser extent the Game Commission who are working today to save Alaska's sport fishing, and the Bureau of Fisheries that is acting to destroy it.

As the ranks of wild life throughout the United States have thinned before the relentless advancing wave of increased population, Alaska has become our country's final hope for the maintenance of the wilder and more majestic forms of mammals in their natural state. Monarchs such as the moose, the white polar bear and the great brown bear, mountain sheep and goats, and wandering herds of caribou totaling hundreds of thousands, Frank Dufresne points out, cannot be restricted to two-by-four brush patches along paved automobile highways. Their preservation depends on the grand spaces and isolation afforded only by their native ranges in Alaska. Every citizen of the United States has a stake in this greatest wildlife treasure. What must be done to safeguard this investment?

"So far, by the hardest kind of individual effort," Frank Dufresne told us, "the fieldmen of the Alaska Game Commission have somehow managed to give this wild life fair protection. But with human migration continuing at the rate it has for the past few seasons, with a hundred per cent increase each year of sportsmen from the depleted East, with the new Seattle-Juneau air service making Alaska less than twenty-four hours away from New York, the time is upon us when eleven men can no longer hope to handle the job. We need more money, more equipment, and above all, more men in the field to insure this heritage for the future—or else we shall have to stand by and watch our wild life in Alaska go the way of the wild life in the States."

"This hat will practically stop traffic when you cross a street"

CHON DAY

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THE MORAL OF THE BAD APPLE

Everybody knows a whole barrel of apples can be spoiled by a single bad one.

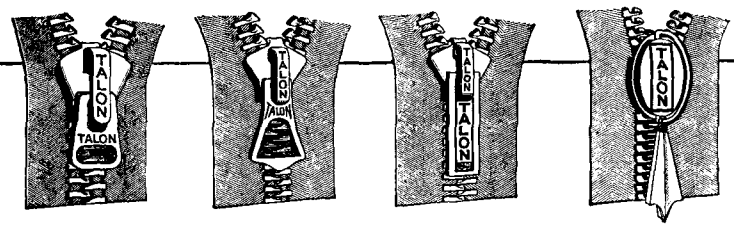
It is well to remember this fact when buying slide-fastened merchandise. For the whole usefulness of an article rests on the dependability of the slide fastener.

Today there are unreliable slide fasteners on the market. Not one of them gives you all the exclusive improvements that make Talon slide fasteners so completely dependable.

When you buy clothing or other merchandise, it's important to be sure that the slide fastener is marked "Talon." Then you *know* you have a slide fastener that will actually out-wear the article you're buying.

ALWAYS "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" FOR THE TRADEMARK

TALON



TALON SLIDE FASTENERS, MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Designs on You

Continued from page 14

silhouette. Sometimes an intrinsically sound fashion change is too advanced—timing is an important factor—so it is shelved or adapted for future use. Innovations like the baby sweater or the short-sleeved wool dresses may take two or three years to launch. It's not that wholesale designers can't change their stuff as radically as anyone else; that would be easier and more fun. But the mass temper resents sudden change."

Yet no fashion, no matter how good, is ever repeated, line for line, detail for detail. The successes of the past season are studied for trends, straws in the wind of the public's fancy. These trends are noted and developed. Back of the inspired handling of material and line, which everybody thinks is all you must have to be a good designer, is something deliberate and practical, to meet the specific needs of women with a favorite necklace or a limited budget or a taste for originality.

It would be rank nonsense to suggest that Clare Potter broods over the clothes problem of each woman who buys her things. She designs clothes for the masses. And what are the masses? she asks. A lot of individuals massed together. When she creates her designs she creates them for those individuals.

On the sixteenth floor of a Seventh Avenue skyscraper, in Mr. Nudelman's soft beige showroom designed by her husband, "Sandy" Potter, is the microcosm in which she works. The showroom is as gracious as a living room, and the models are like no models you ever saw in fact or fiction. There's that dazzling blonde, with hair that never came out of a bottle. She looks like a girl who might have won half a dozen aquatic prizes for her backstroke. Well, she has, and her shoulders prove it. And there's the girl, neat and well-bred, with the demure face and clean figure of a suburban newlywed. She is one, too. There's a pert-nosed kid three years out of Wellesley, and fresh as paint. There's one who can swing a mean racket by day and be a menace to men by night.

You look them all over and a great light begins to dawn: Here in this small group is a typical cross section of the women she makes clothes for. By creating for them she creates clothes for their counterparts all over the country. When the swimmer, proud of her narrow hips, thought that the skirt of an incipient Potter success was too bunchy, Clare Potter listened respectfully. When another complained that long slacks got in her way, at the seashore, Mrs. Potter created the calf-length slack that is now a classic. When the tennis player seemed self-conscious in her figure-revealing tennis shorts, the Clare Potter brief, pleated play skirt was born. When the girls, lounging in the models' room, pulled their shirts over their slacks to avoid that thick look through the seat, the latest Potter brainstorm resulted, the shirt-coat, a tunic sort of thing that makes hips look thin and goes marvelously with trousers. If her clothes are flattering to their yellow and jet and brown heads, they'll be attractive to other women as well. Accordingly, she turns out clothes of such persuasive individuality that a thousand women look and say: "That's my dress."

JEFF KEATE

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Stick-up

Continued from page 13

"You're all right, kid. You'll do. You got the old moxie. But something goes wrong once in a while on a job like this, and you can't tell what it's likely to be beforehand. Maybe it won't be the picnic Finkle figures. If it ain't, you got to hold up your end."

Arthur's face was pinched in, sullen. "If you think I can't—"

Mart said: "I don't think nothing. I'm just telling you now what to do. Someone might see us go in, no matter how careful we are. If the coppers come, you got to hold 'em till we're out. You got to give it to them. Not in the legs, but where it hurts. Here," and he put his hand against his belt buckle.

The boy's small eyes were flint hard. "I'll fix 'em," he said.

"Good," Mart said, putting a hand flat on his knee. "Two o'clock we'll take it. You pick up a car around midnight. Park a couple of blocks away and meet me and Finkle outside Haggi's. At one, after they close. Got that?"

A few minutes later they got up and went off.

SEVEN P. M. Ferguson got up at seven every night, and was shaved and showered and dressed in half an hour. He'd been on the night shift three years, so long a time that daytime sleeping had ceased to bother him. Now, his face lathered, standing before the mirror in his pajamas, he sniffed deeply at the sizzling smell of steak and the faint, peppery tang of fried potatoes that came from the kitchen door just across the short hall from him.

"With onions," Ferguson said, in deep satisfaction, grinning and winking at the reflection of his bony, freckled face in the mirror over the white sink. Ferguson could eat steak and fried potatoes with onions every night in the week; he'd often told Martha that she'd never have to bother thinking up menus for him. Maybe, Ferguson reflected, that was why she had married him.

"Was it that?" he growled, when Martha looked in at him through the doorway.

"Was it what, sir?" Martha asked. She was a slender girl with dark brown hair and pleasant eyes, and a way of wrinkling up her lips at him that Ferguson thought was the greatest thing in the world.

"I'm on to all your tricks," he boomed out, in the affected brogue he loved to use. "To all of them, me girl. Sure," he sang, "and I am, I am, I am. To all of them, indeed. To you"—he descended there, statuesquely posed, to deepest bass—"my girl, to you, who, who, who, whoooo."

Martha turned her head back to the kitchen. "It's all right, Edie," she said. "He hasn't lost his mind. He carries on like this all the time."

"Hey," yelled Ferguson, hastily closing his door. "Your sister there? Why didn't you tell me?"

He was ashamed of himself. "Hell," he muttered. It was all right to act that way with Martha; but Ferguson knew how other people would look at it. Baby talk and silliness—three short months ago before he'd married Martha he couldn't understand why a full-grown man would get so childish. Timothy Jerome Ferguson now—

Sighing, he went on with his shave. It took him longer than usual to get out to the kitchen, in the uniform pants and blue shirt and black tie he would wear till fall. But Martha was alone, by the stove, laughing at him, and his face cleared.

"Devil," he said, catching her at the other side of the table. "The slyness of you, alone all the time; who'd be on to your tricks?" Growling, he lowered his head and rubbed his cheek against hers, hard.

"You're shaved now," Martha said, "so that's all right. It's even nice. If I hadn't pretended Edie was here you'd have had the people upstairs tramping on the floor by now."

"Tramping!" Ferguson bellowed. "Tramping! At my voice, you mean, when Willie Klein and me—" He stopped there; his eyes darkened. "Willie Klein," he muttered. "Willie Klein! That Dutchman."

"If you don't let me go this minute," Martha told him, "the steak will be burned to a crisp. And why is Willie Klein a Dutchman in that tone of voice? Are the little boys still glowering at each other?"

Sitting down, Ferguson rubbed the side of his jaw reminiscently. "One guy," he growled, "just one guy in this world ever got away with socking me. And maybe he ain't got away with it altogether, either. Sometime—"

"My lord!" Martha looked at him, shaking her head. "It's still that? And it was your own fault. If you'd let me tell him, the way I wanted to—"

"Why shouldn't I have told him?" Ferguson demanded loudly, pushing himself away from the table by straightening his arms on its edges. "Had I a thing to be ashamed of? Anybody but Willie Klein would have listened to reason. But not him," Ferguson said bitterly. "Not that Dutchman. He'd known you first, so you were all safe and sound with a fence around you marked, 'Private, Willie Klein—Hands Off!' Wasn't the decent thing to tell him as soon as we found out ourselves how we felt? Wasn't it?"

Martha sighed. "But it's so long ago now. It's—it's silly. And he never cared for me, not really. But you had to go and tell him at the dance, out of a clear sky. It was the shock more than anything else that made him hit you. I suppose he thought we'd made a fool of him before everybody. If you'd left it to me—"

Ferguson rubbed his jaw again. He said darkly: "That's not finished, either. Mark my words. If they hadn't held me after it I'd have torn the head off his shoulders." Muttering, he attacked his steak. Over a first mouthful he pointed the fork at Martha and added: "Me, mind you. The best friend that Dutchman ever had!"

AFTER the meal was done, and the dishes, as he picked up his cap from the top of the icebox and looked at the clock—for on Tuesday night he left early to get in his weekly pistol practice—he was still muttering about Willie Klein.

"He'll come to me on his knees before I'll listen," he told Martha. "And maybe not even then, baby. We sit in that car eight hours a night, side by side, and he acts like I'm not within a mile of him. He hates my guts, baby. Sometimes I think—" He stopped, scowling. Then he said, "Night, baby. See a show," and bounced down the steps on his long legs.

Inside the living room—the shiny, new, three-months-old living room that was so quiet when he had gone, so still that it became sometimes a little frightening—Martha looked at her watch. Eight-ten; there was still plenty of time for the last show, the one letting out at eleven-thirty. And that was just when she wanted to get out, because then she

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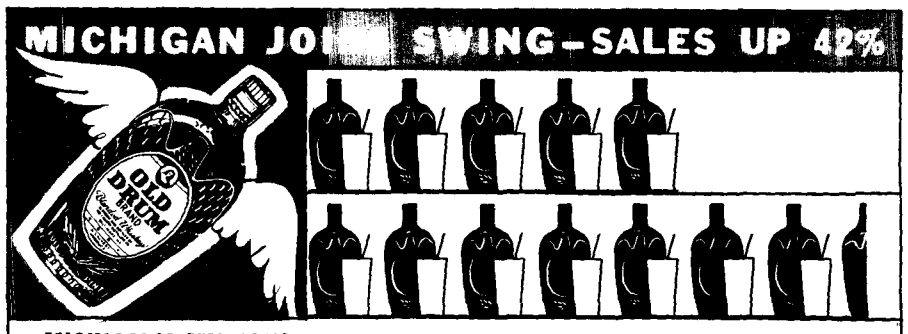

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always got home just at twelve, when he and Willie Klein were going out for their tour in the car.

She wouldn't, Martha thought, listen to the police calls on the radio for more than an hour tonight. She wouldn't be silly. In three months she had learned a lot from listening to that quiet voice breaking suddenly, now and again, out of its humming cocoon of sound; she had learned that it was silly to be frightened, and that always, no matter how you felt, whatever premonitions you had, it was never more than a drunk, or a cringing sneak thief, or a domestic squabble, that car one-five-three had to look over. Now, moving around briskly, folding up his evening paper again, picking up his pipe, rescuing a tie from the back of the couch with a disapproving click of her lips, she knew all that; but it was odd how, in the silent room, the voice she knew now as well as she knew her own—the distinct, detached, careful and never excited voice—was so plain in her ears.

A drunk, Martha thought, or a bum sleeping in a yard, or a boy breaking a window. That was all it would be. Nothing more—never, never anything more! —for Tim and Willie Klein, for car one-five-three.

NINE P. M.

When Willie Klein awoke he lay quiet for a time listening to the sounds in the street, to the squawky humming of a tin-box radio in the room next door. It was Tuesday, Willie Klein remembered, and that meant there would be meat loaf downstairs, boiled potatoes, watery coffee, rice pudding swimming in weak milk. Wednesday or Saturday or Sunday, he knew what to expect then, too. He'd been in the boardinghouse six months now, and Mrs. Morrissey was a methodical woman.

So Willie Klein didn't hurry getting up; he didn't sing. He got downstairs about ten, and the tray was on top of the kitchen stove waiting for him. The fire had long gone out, and the meat loaf was cold, the gravy congealed. He went out after a few mouthfuls, in his civilian clothes; at the corner saloon he had a couple of beers and a liverwurst sandwich. Then he began thinking about Tim Ferguson.

It wasn't an effort; it wasn't something he wanted to do. It just came, as he knew it would come, without any fuss, slowly and inevitably. He didn't think of her at all; he never thought of her. Nights now Tim Ferguson was always alone in his mind, as if there were room for nothing else with him there. The sequence of thoughts began and ran on like a record set in place in his mind; and as it started he knew how each bit was fitted in, how long it ran, and what broke it off to the next. First, there'd be Tim Ferguson and the things they'd done, the times they'd had together, and the talks they'd had and the friends they'd been—Tim Ferguson, the traitor.

The fact of that betrayal was too clearly defined in his mind to admit any argument. It hung together; every bit fitted in; and no matter how many times Willie Klein went over it in his mind there were never any loopholes.

She hadn't liked him, not the way he'd wanted. Well, Willie Klein could have taken that. He could lose, all right, and he could get over that loss. Willie Klein had known where he stood with her, and from the first he had not hoped very much; for he was old enough to know that those things seemed set in some sardonic fashion that a man could not change, however he tried.

Long before he'd introduced her to Tim Ferguson he'd known that. That was the night Tim Ferguson went out with them to a party, bringing a girl of his own, dancing once or twice with Martha, joking with her. Tim Ferguson, his best friend. . . . Swell, Tim Ferguson had told him, when they met the next day. She's a swell girl. After that they had gone out two or three times a week, he and Martha, Tim Ferguson and one or another of his girls. And then, at a party a month later, Tim had come up to Willie Klein with a queer look on his face. He was sorry, Tim Ferguson said, and he didn't know how Willie Klein would feel about it; but he and Martha—well, they liked each other. They were going to get married. And he'd wanted Willie Klein to know about it right away.

Willie Klein wouldn't believe it at first. He thought it was a joke.

"Oh, yeah?" he said.

And then he saw by the other man's face that it wasn't a joke; it was true.

"You see how it is, Willie?" Tim Ferguson said, standing before him. "We wanted you—"

"Sure," Willie Klein said tightly. "Sure, I see."

He was not conscious of throwing the blow, or landing it; but in a moment Tim Ferguson was sprawled out on the floor at his feet, and a couple of men were holding Willie, and some more jumped on Tim Ferguson as he scrambled, raging, to hands and knees. They were forced away from each other; they were talked to and taken home in different groups. And they met the next night, in the squad car, but they hadn't spoken. They'd never spoken to each other since.

ELEVEN-THIRTY P. M.

Old Boucher closed the shop every night at the same time, just as soon as the last straggling group from the theater up the street went by. There was no more business to hope for then; and in the kitchen behind the store Emilie would have finished with the fudge, and the rich brown caramels, the gleaming black chocolate drops, would be set out in little squares on white paper to cool and harden. When the clock above the counter tinkled once Old Boucher closed the glass cases, wiped the crumbs away from the wrapping shelf, and swept the floor. After that he saw that the outer doors were shut, dropped the bar in place and turned out the light.

He had no cash register, except the wooden drawer under the counter, which served as well. He pulled it out and emptied it into the four little canvas bags from the closet—one for pennies, always the heaviest, one for nickels, one for dimes, one for quarters. It was an event when Old Boucher had to change a dollar. He would always turn it over in his hands and peer at it carefully, then hold it a moment as if he were not quite sure what to do with it. Children were Old Boucher's best customers; and children rarely had dollars.

Tonight, after the lights were out, the coins collected, the door locked, Old Boucher went back into the kitchen, the small canvas bags under his arm. Emilie was at the sink, not quite done with her scouring; but on the table the cup of hot cocoa was waiting for him, and after he had put the bags high up in the cupboard, behind two little jars where they would not easily be seen, Old Boucher sat down to it gratefully.

There was a creaking in his bones these nights, a stiffness in all his joints that called for due care whenever he wished to move.

That might be due to the fact that he was growing old. He did not know. Sometime, perhaps soon now, he and Emilie would be going back to France; for when a man was old, when he had worked and saved, there should be a time to enjoy things, to see again the country and the friends of one's youth. If, Old Boucher reflected sadly, there were any of them left. There would be a little money—enough for them. Even pennies, in thirty years, mount up.

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"Eh, old woman," he said, yawning when the cocoa was finished, "time has passed. We are not young. It is a sad thing to think of that."

"Then it is a good thing," Emilie said, "to think of bed. And of our plans. In the drawer there are folders, new ones. You will see for how little we could go back, in a boat as big—"

Always, Old Boucher thought ill-temperedly, she was at him now to go back. Always!

Grumbling, he went into the bedroom, past the little closet on the left of the hall, where behind the boards there was a hollow space. Old Boucher tried the door to make sure it was locked, and reflected comfortably that the space was not so hollow as it had been thirty years before. It was a safe place there—safe from thieves, and the smooth, plump men in banks he had never trusted. Who would think to look there? Who could know? Old Boucher, pulling off his boots, esteemed himself as a shrewd man.

The clock in the store tinkled faintly twelve times. Undressed then, he got creakily into bed, turned over, sighed, wrinkled up his white mustache comfortably against the pillow, and settled himself for sleep. Drowsily he thought that Emilie might be right. Soon now—Martha thought. He's all right; he's fine. At eight in the morning he'd be off. Soon now—

ONE FORTY-FIVE A. M.

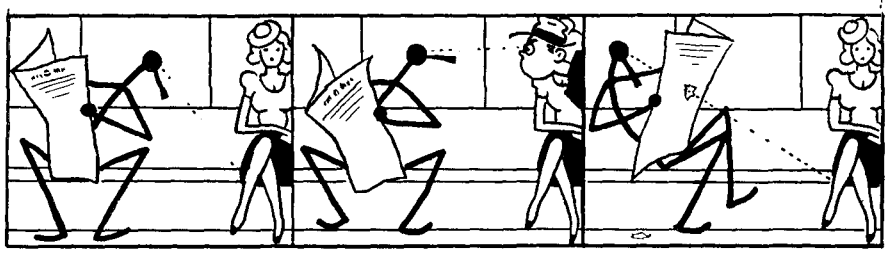
"Okay," Mart said. His voice had altered since this morning; it was very quiet, very low and harsh. "Slow now, kid. Anywhere along here. Cut your motor but leave the key in; that way you don't have to look for it coming back. Here. This is swell."

He got out first and faced up and down the empty street. Then with Finkle he walked down to the corner, lit a cigarette there, and looked around. After that, without coming back to the car, he crossed the street and walked up the other side. Arthur met them at the head of the alley.

They went in without speaking, making no sound at all. Halfway down, in the shadow of a backyard wall, Mart stopped. He told Arthur softly: "Stick here, kid. Keep quiet. If anything starts give them all you got. Keep your head, too. Don't shoot at cats. Give us ten minutes and we're through. All set?"

Arthur nodded. He was shaking slightly, but that was because the night was cold. The gun seemed to grip itself hard in his fingers as Mart's square face, pale in the darkness, watched him

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

Tim Ferguson was getting into a car then—a small black coupé waiting for him outside the precinct house. On the far side, looking expressionlessly past him, Willie Klein was already in his place. They rolled up to the corner, and turned left there—two men in a moving prison four feet across, stolid-eyed, silent, hating each other. Some night, Tim Ferguson thought fretfully, he was going to bust that Dutchman's jaw. But the emotion in Willie Klein was deeper, more solid, coiled like a spring. It did not make him fretful; he was not impatient. There was an ugly pleasure just in feeling it there, in his body and his throat, in the sullen beat at his temples. Some night, he thought; soon now—

ARTHUR was getting into a car then too, in a parking lot out on the Boulevard, behind a dine-and-dance place that would not close till three. They'd be through then, the car abandoned somewhere—perhaps before it was missed. Nobody bothered him; the keys were in the lock. When he turned the wheel, backing, the gun in his pocket pressed into him solidly. Arthur liked to feel it. He told himself that if Mart worried about him he was crazy. Three grand! Florida maybe, or California—wherever he wanted to go.

He squirmed around in the seat just to feel the hard shape of the gun against his back once more. Three grand apiece, maybe more, if Finkle wasn't lying. Right in his hands, practically waiting for him. Soon now—

Martha was getting home from the movies. It was late but she wasn't sleepy, and she decided that she'd listen for a little while—an hour. No later than one. No more. Sometimes they didn't call him all night. She settled herself on the couch with a book and a glass of milk. The radio hummed and crackled; but there were no calls. Silly, unwinkingly. A tough guy, Arthur thought; and then, with a cold arrogance, he saw that Mart was no tougher than he was himself. Three grand! This was his chance and he wasn't going to miss it. His lips set; he said: "Okay, Mart. Push off. I'm set."

All during the ride Finkle had cracked his skinny fingers without speaking; he didn't speak now, but Arthur could hear his quick breathing. They went silently away from him and became crouched, vague figures by the back door; and after a time the shadow grew greater there, darkened, and then lessened again. This time no figures were outside it. There was no cry, no alarm. They were in and everything was fine. Arthur wondered how much they would get.

He stood flat against the wall, ten feet left of the door, alone now, with the gun heavy in his hand and his arm tensed. Two empty streets, filtered dimly by lamplight, quiet, deserted, were all he could see when he turned his head from one end of the alley to the other. No people went by, no cars passed. Inside the house there was a faint cry, instantly smothered. The old lady, Arthur thought—the Frenchman's wife. It did not come again. No one heard it. Finkle must have shut her up.

Ten minutes more now and it would be over. Mart could make the old man open up. And if Finkle wasn't lying, if the dough was there—

A car stopped in the street to his right. Arthur faced that way, rigidly, his breath held, his left hand down flat against the wall, and his right, with the gun in it, level across his chest. Somebody got out of the car. There were steps, the slam of a door. He heard no words. Clip-clip-clip-clip. It was somebody with hard heels, not being careful—somebody who was coming up to the alley, and coming in.

Pressing back against the wall, Ar-

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COFFEE IS FATTENING Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

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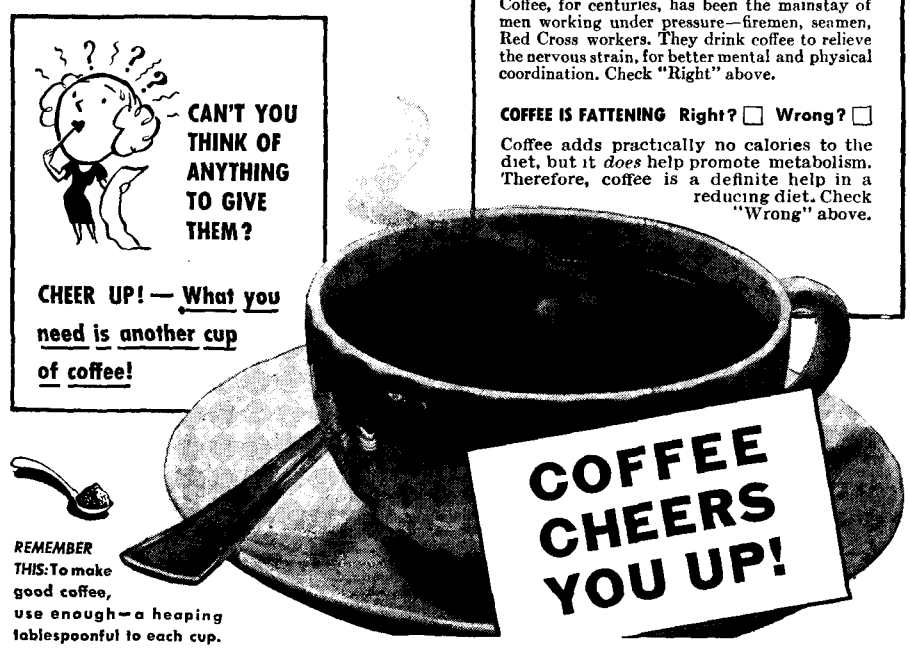
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COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

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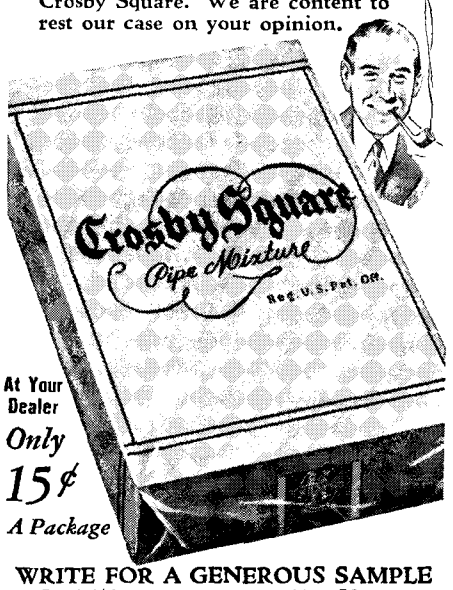

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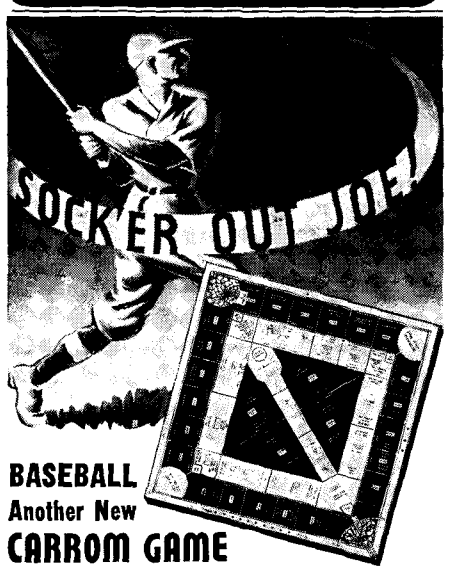

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thur gained the kitchen door, and edged it in with his shoulder. "Mart!" he called, low. But there was no answer and no other chance to warn them; for the somebody was a big man who paused only momentarily at the head of the alley, and then came on so quickly that there was only one thing left to do, the thing Mart had told him he'd have to do. Where it hurt—where it stopped them cold.

Arthur saw what he was by the glitter of light on his peaked cap, and who he was by his build and the way he walked. Ferguson. He wasn't afraid or nervous at all, as he had imagined he might be; his mouth drew down and he called Ferguson a name, softly and savagely. Three grand waiting for him, almost in his hands. And this—

Standing in the darkened doorway, jerking the gun up, he fired.

WILLIE KLEIN, sprawled out in the seat of the squad car ten feet from the alley, heard that shot. But three or four seconds went by before it established itself for what it was in his mind. Most nights, about two, Tim Ferguson pulled up somewhere for a smoke, and went to a doorway, or a near-by alley, for a cigarette. After he came back, Willie Klein would take his turn, silently, too. Tonight was no different from any other night; Willie Klein was just sitting there, waiting, when the shot came. He was out on the sidewalk before he knew he had moved. His revolver was in his hand and he was running, and on the seat, where Tim Ferguson had a habit of laying it between them while they rode along, he had an instant's flash of the other gun. It wasn't Tim Ferguson, then, who had fired.

The somebody snapped two shots at him as he reached the alley, so close that he felt the whine of them past his head. Willie Klein hit the pavement in a flat dive, rolled over, and got behind the corner of the house wall.

Quiet rolled back incredibly over the reverberating flat reports, over the beating of his heart and the quick, hard rush of his breathing. The alley was hidden completely from him on the nearest side. In the part that was open—a narrowing strip slanted out from the end of his wall to a point halfway down the alley—he could not see Tim Ferguson; he could not see anyone. But he knew that whoever had fired was inside the building, inside the dark, open splotch of the kitchen door; he, or they, had to be. The candy store in front, the rooms in back, all faced him now, all had windows only on the alley; he remembered a blank wall, doorless, on the yard side. They had to come out this way, Willie Klein knew, or not at all.

Somewhere along that alley was Tim Ferguson, dead or wounded, or all right, maybe, but without his gun. And they'd come out soon, they'd have to; four or five people would have called headquarters now, and they'd know that, too. And when they did, with Tim Ferguson before them, they'd throw shots at him just to be safe, just to make sure he wasn't playing possum. That was the first thing they'd do.

In that first moment it was very clear to Willie Klein what his course of action should be; six months ago he'd never have hesitated. Even now, as he realized that, he got to his knees. He had to cover Tim Ferguson; he had to give him a chance by driving them back inside. He saw that and he knew what he had to do; but as his legs tensed under him a word added itself to it. Why?

The word stopped Willie Klein as short as if a chain had been flung around him. Why? What did he owe Tim Ferguson? Once, he would have done it—once when Tim Ferguson was a friend of his. Now—A funny look came into Willie Klein's eyes. Now, suppose he took his chance. Suppose he played it on his own. A score, a thing he'd been praying for— Wasn't this it? Wasn't this perfect?

There was another burst of shots—to cover them, he knew, to drive him back. They'd be coming now. And if they got Tim Ferguson how could he help that? Why should he be a fool? His own life—well, Willie Klein would hold on to that. Willie Klein wouldn't—

Something stopped him there—a foot thrust out into his line of vision five yards from the kitchen door, a quiet foot, with Tim Ferguson's big shoe on the end of it. It didn't move at all; it was very still; it must have been there all the time, though Willie Klein hadn't noticed it before. As soon as he saw it, it built up a picture in his mind, it showed him Tim Ferguson very still too, the whole lean length of him pitched there, with his hands thrown out and his eyes open, unwinking, blank.

Willie Klein felt nothing then, he decided nothing. All right, he thought. So what? So why— Then he thought maybe they'll figure I'll hide here. Maybe they think I'll just play it safe. I'll let them kill him and—

He got up and charged forward a moment before they came plunging out of the kitchen door There was no time for them to fire at Tim Ferguson, or even at him; they ran. They had ten yards on him in the alley, and only half that as they reached the car.

Glass smashed in the car windows from the gun Willie Klein remembered only then to use. The starter ground once, twice, a third time, before it caught. Willie Klein had only one more step to make then; he could see the driver, a wild-eyed kid with a face set in savage lines. Swinging the wheel around with his left hand, he was shooting at Willie Klein from the other. But it was too hasty firing from a crazy angle across his chest; he was watching the road, trying to get the car straightened out at the same time.

Willie Klein wasn't hit, he didn't stop. He knew that nothing now was going to stop him from reaching that kid. If they'd pulled up, the way they used to, the two of them together, sitting in the car, having their smoke, it wouldn't have happened It was only because—

On the running board, smashing the gun down away from him, he spun the steering wheel around. They crashed sideways into a street lamp Then they were out, three of them, and Willie Klein, jarred off to the gutter, had the kid by his legs, so tightly his hands ached. He was never going to let him go. As the kid came down on top of him a short, square-faced man grabbed the gun and swung it down, but Willie Klein paid no attention to that at all. Tim Ferguson and him—that was all right. That was the way it should be, the way it had to be.

THE square-faced man took a long time firing; it seemed to Willie Klein that the shot would never come Then the kid was quiet in his arms, and when he got up holding him as a shield he saw that the square-faced man was down, flat in the street, the gun ricochetting away from him on the stone. The third man was standing by the car with his hands up. "Hold it!" he was yelling in a panicky voice. "Hold it, Ferguson!"

The odd thing was that Tim Ferguson was there, glowering. "You big damn dumb Dutchman!" he was yelling at Willie Klein. "What were you trying to do—get yourself killed?"

Willie Klein, holding the kid by the collar, looked at him.

"Me?" he said hoarsely. "Me? I thought—"

"You thought," Tim Ferguson said savagely. "Maybe after he missed the first time I was going to hop up from behind those cans and give him another shot at me. Maybe I'm dumb enough to do that. Thickhead! What did you have to come bouncin' over me like a wild man for? Why didn't you stay where you were and pick them off as they came out?"

Willie Klein just looked at him. For a while he had to listen to an old man and an old woman yelling at him in what he vaguely thought was French. Old Boucher waved his arms under all their noses, dancing from the coldness of the street on his bare feet. He told them in France it was not like this. A man could live and have his sleep there, in peace, in safety, without murderers to wake one, to threaten one, to put a pillow on the poor wife's head. Emilie said, with a Spartan nod, she had known. Had she not told him? Tomorrow, she would see about the tickets. Tomorrow, in the morning. And if he did not want to come—

Very soon the wagon was there, to pick up the thin man and the square man, and the kid. Then the old French-

"Faster, Reynolds! You're in the clear!"

KIRK STILES

man took his wife's arm and went across the street still talking, stopping once more in the alley to shake his fist again at Officers Klein and Ferguson, who were standing awkwardly together by the smashed car

Officer Ferguson, stiff, flushed, mumbled something about what the hell was the matter anyway, and why didn't he come up to the house sometime, and see Martha, who was always asking for him For a while Officer Klein stared at the busted fender, and said nothing; he was wondering if perhaps a thing that was built up between two men for years was too tough to be smashed in a minute by words, by anything that happened Martha! He tried to remember her and she was a dim figure. He could not recall the color of her eyes.

Martha was in bed then, asleep. They hadn't called his number once for the two hours she had listened, and she was sure it was going to be a quiet night.

In the kitchen off the alley, which was deserted and drowsy again, Old Boucher sat by the table growling, while Emilie brought out folder after folder to spread before him. Tomorrow—would he go with her? Would they close up for two hours, and go to the office, and see about the tickets?

Old Boucher sighed over the folders, and then shrugged. Why should they wait? Tomorrow then—

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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 18

He said: "Yes, yes. Now don't get excited. Take plenty of time. Just raise this right hand a little when you mean *yes*. There's something you're worried about?"

He received the affirmative sign.

"Something urgent? Yes. Something you want *done?* Someone sent for? Miss Carlisle? And Mr. Welman? They're on their way."

Again Mrs. Welman tried incoherently to speak. Dr. Lord listened.

"You wanted them to come but it's not that? Someone else? A relation? No? Some business matter? I see. Something to do with money? *Lawyer?*

"Now, now—that's all right. Keep calm. Plenty of time. What's that you're saying—Elinor?" He caught the garbled name. "She knows what lawyer? And she will arrange with him? Good. She'll be here in about half an hour. Now don't worry any more. Leave it all to me. I'll see that things are arranged the way you want them to be."

He stood a moment watching her relax, then he moved quietly away and went out onto the landing. Nurse O'Brien followed him. Nurse Hopkins was just coming up the stairs. He nodded to her. She said breathlessly: "Good evening, Doctor."

"Good evening, Nurse."

He went with the two of them into Nurse O'Brien's room next door and gave them their instructions. Nurse Hopkins would remain on overnight and take charge with Nurse O'Brien.

"Tomorrow I'll have to get hold of a second resident nurse. Awkward this diphtheria epidemic over at Standford. The nursing homes there are working shorthanded as it is."

Then, having given his orders, which were listened to with reverent attention, Dr. Lord went downstairs ready to receive the niece and nephew.

In the hall he encountered Mary Gerrard. Her face was pale and anxious. She asked: "Is she better?"

Dr. Lord said: "I can insure her a peaceful night—that's about all that can be done."

Mary said brokenly: "It seems so cruel—so unfair—"

He nodded sympathetically enough. "Yes, it does seem like that sometimes. I believe—"

He broke off.

"That's the car."

HE WENT out into the hall. Mary ran upstairs.

Elinor exclaimed as she came into the drawing room: "Is she very bad?"

Roddy was looking worried.

The doctor said gravely: "I'm afraid it will be rather a shock to you. She's badly paralyzed. Her speech is almost unrecognizable. By the way, she's definitely worried about something. It's to do with sending for her lawyer. You know who he is, Miss Carlisle?"

Elinor said quickly: "Mr. Seddon—of Bloomsbury Square. But he wouldn't be there at this time of the evening and I don't know his home address."

Dr. Lord said reassuringly: "Tomorrow will be in plenty of time. But I'm anxious to set Mrs. Welman's mind at rest as soon as possible. If you will come up with me now, Miss Carlisle, I think together we shall be able to reassure her."

"Of course. I will come up at once."

Roddy said hopefully: "You don't want me?"

Dr. Lord reassured him promptly: "Not the least need, Mr. Welman."

Roddy's relief showed plainly.

Dr. Lord and Elinor went upstairs. Nurse O'Brien was with the patient.

Laura Welman, breathing deeply and stertorously, lay as though in a stupor. Elinor stood looking down on her, shocked by the drawn, twisted face.

Suddenly Mrs. Welman's right eyelid quivered and opened. A faint change came over her face as she recognized Elinor.

She tried to speak: "*Elinor . . .*" The word would have been meaningless to anyone who had not guessed at what she wanted to say.

Elinor said quickly: "I'm here, Aunt Laura. You're worried about something? You want me to send for Mr. Seddon?"

Another of those hoarse, raucous sounds. Elinor guessed at the meaning. She said: "Mary Gerrard?"

Slowly the right hand moved shakily.

A long burble of sound came from the sick woman's lips. Dr. Lord and Elinor frowned helplessly. Again and again it came. Then Elinor got a word. "*Provision?* You want to make *provision* for her in your will? You want her to have some money? I see, dear Aunt Laura. That will be quite simple. Mr. Seddon will come down tomorrow and everything shall be arranged as you wish."

THE sufferer seemed relieved. Elinor took her hand in hers and felt a feeble pressure from the fingers.

Mrs. Welman said with a great effort: "*You—all—you . . .*"

Elinor said: "Yes, yes, leave it all to me. I will see that everything you want is done!"

She felt the pressure of the fingers again. Then it relaxed.

Dr. Lord laid a hand on Elinor's arm and drew her gently out of the room.

Outside on the landing Mary Gerrard was talking to Nurse Hopkins. She started forward. "Oh, Dr. Lord, can I go in to her, please?"

He nodded.

Mary went into the sickroom.

Dr. Lord said: "Your train was late. You—"

He stopped.

Elinor had turned her head to look after Mary. Suddenly she became aware of his abrupt silence. She turned her head and looked at him inquiringly. He was staring at her, a startled look in his face. The color rose in Elinor's cheeks.

She said hurriedly: "I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

Peter Lord said slowly: "What was I saying? I don't remember. Miss Carlisle, you were splendid in there! Quick to understand, reassuring, everything you should have been."

Elinor said: "Poor darling. It upset me terribly seeing her like that."

"Of course. But you didn't show it."

Elinor said, her lips set very straight, "I've learned not—to show my feelings."

The doctor said slowly: "All the same—the mask's bound to slip once in a while."

Nurse Hopkins had bustled into the bathroom. Elinor said, raising her delicate eyebrows and looking full at him: "The mask?"

Dr. Lord said: "The human face is, after all, nothing more nor less than a mask."

"And underneath?"

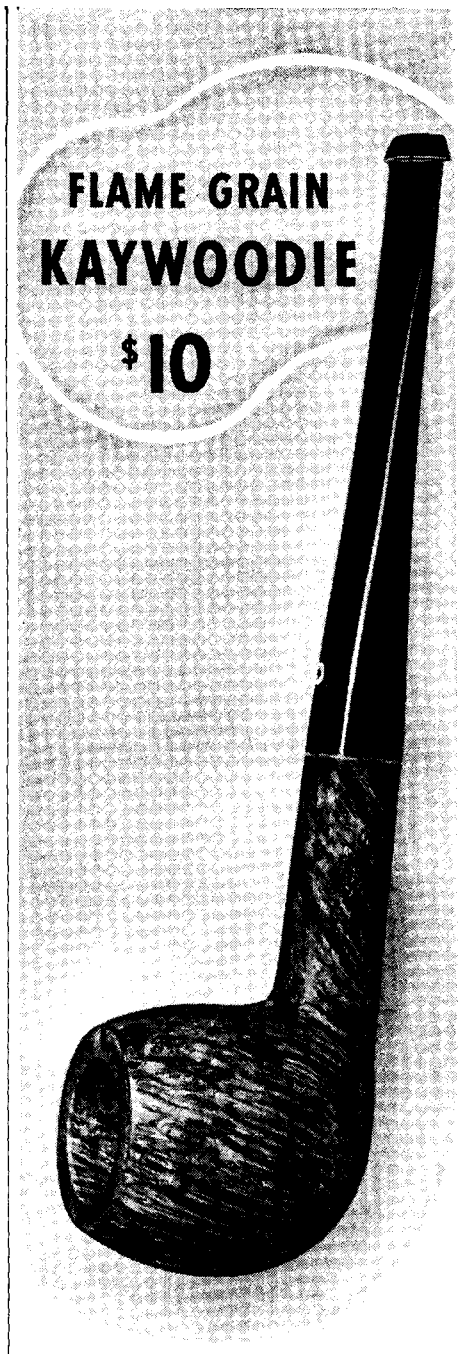
"Underneath is the primitive human man or woman."

She turned away quickly, and led the way downstairs.

Peter Lord followed, puzzled and unwontedly serious.

Roddy came out into the hall to meet them. "Well?" he asked anxiously.

Elinor said: "Poor darling. It's very



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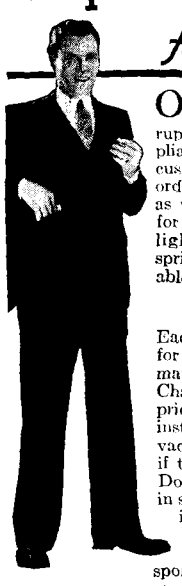

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sad to see her. . . . I shouldn't go, Roddy —till—till—she asks for you."

Roddy asked: "Did she want anything —*special?*"

Peter Lord said to Elinor: "I must be off now. There's nothing more I can do for the moment. I'll look in early tomorrow. Goodby, Miss Carlisle."

He held her hand in his for a moment or two. He had a strangely reassuring and comforting clasp. He looked at her, Elinor thought, rather oddly as though—as though he was sorry for her.

AS THE door shut behind the doctor, Roddy repeated his question.

Elinor said: "Aunt Laura is worried about—about certain business matters. I managed to pacify her and told her Mr. Seddon would certainly come down tomorrow. We must telephone him."

Roddy asked: "Does she want to make a new will?"

Elinor answered: "She didn't say so."

"What did she—?"

He stopped in the middle of the question.

Mary Gerrard was running down the stairs. She crossed the hall and disappeared through the door to the kitchen quarters.

Elinor said in a harsh voice: "Yes? What is it you wanted to ask?"

Roddy said vaguely: "I—what?—I've forgotten what it was."

He was staring through the door through which Mary Gerrard had gone.

Elinor's hands closed. She could feel her long, pointed nails biting into the flesh of her palms.

She thought: "I can't bear it—I can't bear it . . . it's not imagination . . . it's true . . . Roddy—Roddy—I *can't* lose you. . . ."

And she thought: "What did that man —the doctor—*what did he see in my face upstairs?* He saw something. . . . *Oh, God, how awful life is—to feel as I feel now. Say something, fool, pull yourself together!*"

Aloud she said, in her calm voice: "About meals, Roddy. I'm not very hungry. I'll sit with Aunt Laura and the nurses can both come down."

Roddy said in alarm: "And have dinner with *me?*"

Elinor said coldly: "They won't bite you!"

"But what about you? You must have something. Why don't *we* dine first, and let them come down afterward?"

Elinor said: "No, the other way's better." She added wildly: "They're so touchy, you know."

She thought: "*I can't sit through a meal with him—alone—talking—behaving as usual. . . .*"

She said impatiently: "Oh! do let me arrange things my own way!"

IT WAS no mere housemaid who wakened Elinor the following morning. It was Mrs. Bishop in person, rustling in her old-fashioned black, and weeping unashamedly.

"Oh! Miss Elinor, she's gone. . . ."

"What?"

Elinor sat up in bed.

"Your dear aunt. Mrs. Welman. My dear mistress. Passed away in her sleep."

Mrs. Bishop was weeping now with more abandon. "To think of it," she sobbed. "After all these years! Eighteen years I've been here. But indeed it doesn't seem like it. . . ."

Elinor said slowly: "So Aunt Laura died in her sleep—quite peacefully. . . . What a blessing for her!"

Mrs. Bishop said tearfully that there was indeed that to be thankful for. She added: "Who'll tell Mr. Roderick?"

Elinor said: "I will."

She threw on a dressing gown and went along to his door and tapped. His voice answered saying: "Come in."

She entered.

"Aunt Laura's dead, Roddy. She died in her sleep."

Roddy, sitting up in bed, drew a deep sigh. "Poor, dear Aunt Laura! Thank God for it, I say. I couldn't have borne to see her go on lingering in the state she was yesterday."

Elinor said mechanically: "I didn't know you'd seen her."

He nodded rather shamefacedly. "The truth is, Elinor, I felt the most awful coward. Because I'd funked it! I went along there yesterday evening. The nurse, the fat one, left the room for something—went down with a hot-water bottle, I think—and I slipped in. She didn't know I was there, of course. I just stood a bit and looked at her. Then when I heard somebody stumping up the stairs again I slipped away. But it was—pretty terrible!"

Elinor nodded. "Yes, it was."

Roddy said: "She'd have hated it—every minute of it!"

"I know."

Roddy said: "It's marvelous the way you and I always see alike over things."

Elinor said in a low voice: "Yes, it is."

He said: "We're both feeling the same thing at this minute—*just utter thankfulness that she's out of it all. . . .*"

NURSE O'BRIEN said: "What is it, Nurse? *Can't you find something?*"

Nurse Hopkins, her face rather red, was hunting through the little attaché case that she had laid down in the hall the preceding evening.

She grunted. "Most annoying. How I came to do such a thing I can't imagine!"

"What is it?"

Nurse Hopkins replied not very intelligibly: "It's Eliza Rykin—that sarcoma, you know. She's got to have double injections—night and morning—morphine. Gave her the last tablet in the old tube last night on my way here, and I could swear I had the new tube in here too."

"Look again—those tubes are so small."

Nurse Hopkins gave a final stir to the contents of the attaché case. "No, it's not here! I must have left it in my cupboard after all! Really, I did think I could trust my memory better than *that.* I could have sworn I took it out with me!"

"You didn't leave the case anywhere, did you, on the way here?"

"Of course not!" said Nurse Hopkins.

"Oh, well, dear," said Nurse O'Brien, "it must be all right?"

"Oh, yes! The only place I've laid my case down was here in this hall and nobody *here* would pinch anything! *Just my memory, I suppose.* But it vexes me, if you understand, Nurse. Besides, I shall have to go right home first to the other end of the village and back again.

Nurse O'Brien said: "Hope you won't have too tiring a day, dear, after last night. Poor old lady. I didn't think she would last long."

"No, nor I. I dare say doctor will be surprised!"

Nurse O'Brien said with a tinge of disapproval: "He's always so hopeful about his cases."

DR. LORD *raised himself on his toes.* His sandy eyebrows climbed right up his forehead till they nearly merged with his hair.

He said in surprise: "So she's gone—eh?"

"Yes, Doctor."

On Nurse O'Brien's tongue exact details were tingling to be uttered, but with stern discipline she waited.

Peter Lord stood for a moment thinking, then he said sharply: "Get me some boiling water."

Nurse O'Brien was surprised and mystified, but true to the spirit of hospital *training, hers not to reason why. If a* doctor had told her to go and get the skin of an alligator she would have murmured automatically, "Yes, Doctor," and glided obediently from the room to tackle the problem.

When she returned with the boiling water, Lord was just straightening up from the bed. He said vaguely: "What's that?"

"Boiling water, Doctor."

He said: "Oh, I shan't need it after all."

Nurse O'Brien said: "No, Doctor," submissively.

Doctors, she knew, were like that. They wanted something quite unreasonable and then, when it was brought them, they pushed it aside.

Peter Lord said in a slow, careful voice: "Well, perhaps it's a mercy, Nurse. What do you think?"

Nurse O'Brien burst into speech:

"Indeed and I do, Doctor. It's herself will be glad to be at peace and to go in her sleep is the best way of it!"

Peter Lord nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I think you're right."

He turned to look at the still figure on the bed. "She was a determined old lady," he said. "And a clever one. I

"Quiet, Madam! We have a bass horn for the 'dum dum de dums'!"

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fancy that she usually got her own way."

Nurse O'Brien said politely: "Yes, Doctor."

Roderick Welman said: "Do you mean to say that my aunt died *intestate*—that she never made a will *at all?*"

Mr. Seddon polished his eyeglasses. He said: "That seems to be the case."

Roddy said: "Didn't you ever—er—expostulate with her on the subject?"

Mr. Seddon replied dryly: "Frequently."

Elinor said: "But surely, after her first stroke—?"

Mr. Seddon shook his head. "She wouldn't hear the subject mentioned then."

Roddy said: "Surely that's very odd?"

Mr. Seddon said again: "Oh, no. Naturally her illness made her much more nervous."

Elinor said in a puzzled voice: "But she wanted to die. . . ."

Polishing his eyeglasses, Mr. Seddon said: "Ah, my dear Miss Elinor, the human mind is a very curious piece of mechanism. Mrs. Welman may have *thought* she wanted to die, but side by side with that feeling there ran the hope that she would recover absolutely. And because of that hope I think she felt that to make a will would be unlucky. It isn't so much that she didn't mean to make one as that she was eternally putting it off.

"You know," went on Mr. Seddon, suddenly addressing Roddy in an almost personal manner, "how one puts off and avoids a thing that is distasteful—that you don't want to face?"

Roddy flushed. He muttered: "Yes, I—I, yes, of course. I know what you mean."

"Exactly," said Mr. Seddon. "Mrs. Welman always *meant* to make a will, but tomorrow was always a better day to make it than today. She kept telling herself that there was plenty of time."

Elinor said slowly: "So that's why she was so upset last night—and in such a panic that you should be sent for. . . ."

Mr. Seddon replied: "Undoubtedly."

Roddy said in a bewildered voice: "But what happens now?"

"To Mrs. Welman's estate?" The lawyer coughed. "Since Mrs. Welman died intestate, all her property goes to her next of kin—Miss Elinor Carlisle."

Elinor said slowly: "All to *me*?"

"The crown takes a certain percentage," Mr. Seddon explained.

Elinor said: "But Roderick—"

Mr. Seddon said with a little apologetic cough: "Mr. Welman is only Mrs. Welman's husband's nephew—there is no blood relationship."

"Quite," said Roddy.

Elinor said slowly: "Of course, it doesn't much matter which of us gets it as we're going to be married."

But she did not look at Roddy.

It was Mr. Seddon's turn to say: "Quite!"

"BUT it doesn't matter, does it?" Elinor said.

She spoke almost pleadingly.

Mr. Seddon had departed.

Roddy's face twitched nervously.

He said: "You ought to have it. It's quite right you should. For heaven's sake, Elinor, don't get it into your head that I grudge it to you."

Elinor said, her voice slightly unsteady: "We did agree, Roddy, in London, that it wouldn't matter which of us it was as—as we were going to be married . . . ?"

He did not answer. She persisted: "Don't you remember saying that, Roddy?"

He said: "Yes."

He looked down at his feet. His face was white and sullen, there was pain in the taut lines of his sensitive mouth.

Elinor said with a sudden gallant lift of the head: "It doesn't matter—*if we're going to be married. . . . But are we, Roddy?*"

He said: "Are we what?"

"Are we going to marry each other?"

"I understood that was the idea."

His tone was indifferent, with a slight edge to it. He went on: "Of course, Elinor, if you've other ideas now—"

Elinor cried out: "Oh, Roddy, can't you be *honest?*"

He winced.

Then he said in a bewildered voice: "I don't know what's happened to me. . . ."

Elinor said in a stifled voice: "I do. . . ."

He said quickly: "Perhaps it's true, that. I don't, after all, quite like the idea of living on my wife's money. . . ."

Elinor, her face white, said: "It's not that. . . . It's something else. . . ." She paused, then she said: "It's—Mary, isn't it?"

Roddy muttered unhappily: "I suppose so—how did you know?"

Elinor said, her mouth twisting sideways in a crooked smile: "It wasn't difficult. . . . Every time you look at her—it's there in your face for anyone to read. . . ."

SUDDENLY his composure broke: "Oh, Elinor—I don't know what's the matter! I think I'm going mad! It happened when I saw her—that first day—in the wood . . . just her face—it—it's turned everything upside down. *You* can't understand that. . . ."

Elinor said: "Yes, I can. Go on."

Roddy said helplessly: "I didn't want to fall in love with her. . . . I was quite happy with you. Oh, Elinor, what a cad I am talking like this to you—"

Elinor said: "Nonsense. Go on. Tell me. . . ."

He said brokenly: "You're wonderful. . . . Talking to you helps frightfully. I'm so terribly fond of you, Elinor! You must believe that. This other thing is like an enchantment! It's upset everything—my conception of life—and my enjoyment of things—and—all the decent, ordered, reasonable things. . . ."

Elinor said gently: "Love—isn't very reasonable. . . ."

Roddy said miserably: "No. . . ."

Elinor said, and her voice trembled a little: "Have you said anything to her?"

Roddy said: "This morning—like a fool—I lost my head—"

Elinor said: "Yes?"

Roddy said: "Of course she—she shut me up at once! She was shocked. Because of Aunt Laura and—of *you*—"

Elinor drew the diamond ring off her finger. She said: "You'd better take it back, Roddy."

Taking it, he murmured without looking at her: "Elinor, you've no idea what a beast I feel."

Elinor said in her calm voice: "Do you think she'll marry you?"

He shook his head. "I've no idea. Not—not for a long time. I don't think she cares for me now—but she might come to care. . . ."

Elinor said: "I think you're right. You must give her time. Not see her for a bit and then—start afresh."

"Darling Elinor! You're the best friend anyone ever had." He took her hand suddenly and kissed it. "You know, Elinor, I *do* love you—just as much as ever! Sometimes Mary seems just like a dream. I might wake up from it—and find she wasn't there. . . ."

Elinor said: "If Mary wasn't there. . . ."

Roddy said with sudden feeling: "Sometimes I wish she weren't. . . . You and I, Elinor, *belong*. We do belong, don't we?"

Slowly she bent her head.

She said: "Oh! Yes—we belong."

She thought: "*If Mary wasn't there. . . .*"

(To be continued next week)

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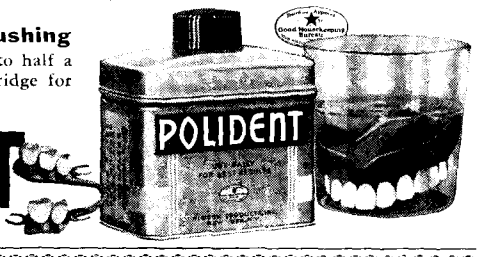

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Backs in Motions

Continued from page 16

in the United States, including the famed Whizzer White. Last year he was with the Jersey Giants, farm team of the New York Giants professional football team. This year he is back coaching at old St. Mary's. Locke got his greatest boost when Elmer Layden saw him against George Washington and said, "His broken-field running, pass-receiving and passing were the best I have seen this season." This was nice of Elmer but something less than accurate because Locke didn't pass at all, the throwing being done by Hoot Gipson, but it made Locke famous and didn't hurt St. Mary's.

Simms' Idea of Strategy

Simms has taken the alibi out of football as far as his team is concerned by adding twenty pounds in weight to each player's statistics. He wants them known as the beefiest team in the business, and if nature hasn't fashioned them in that manner he corrects nature. When they opened against San Francisco in 1936, they sent their equipment on ahead.

"What equipment it was!" quoth Coach Malloy of San Francisco. "Old shoes, socks that had been feeding ground for moths all the way from Alamo City, shoes with the cleats worn to the sole and suits—well, they could have got up and walked away by themselves. Naturally, our reaction was that we were to meet a bunch of hicks and our sympathies were all the more aroused when that scraggly-looking gang arrived. The first thing they did was to trot out two big lugs with 303 and 285 on their backs. (Simms had Tiny Standefer, weight 303, and Puny Smith, weight 285, who were carried along for fright purposes.) Simms told us those were his star linemen. Then when the cameramen asked for their star ball carrier, they led out a bird who later turned out to be driver of one of the cars. He started running, tripped over his own feet and went down on his face. By this time we were so sorry for them we wanted to call the thing off but when the game started off they brought out the real team and ran us all over the field. We were lucky to get a 6-6 tie."

This is just Mr. Simms' idea of strategy. His own career as a player started at Moody, Texas, where he was player and coach. From there he went to San Marcos Academy, where he was all-state quarterback. Later he was all-state quarterback again at Decatur Junior College and from there he went to Baylor, whence he left "by request," as he phrases it when in a diplomatic mood. His next stop was at Centenary, where he lingered only during the spring term, feeling the call of the West and departing for Washington State at Pullman, Washington. He arrived with two silver dollars to rub against each other and departed several years later dressed like Lucius Beebe.

"Some of the boys liked to shoot a dice or two, or even to sit down to table with a menu of cards," explains Mr. Simms.

Coming down from Pullman, he hung around San Francisco for a year, playing with the Olympic Club and selling sporting goods on the side. Tiring of the big time, he returned to Simmons University at Abilene, Texas (now Hardin-Simmons) and brought an illustrious career to an end by being All-Texas Conference quarterback, a fitting climax to an extended fit of traveling.

This mania for movement seems never to have left Simms, for it is nothing for his teams to start from San Antonio, play San Francisco, drop down to San Diego to bop the U. S. Marines, return to San Antonio for one game and then start off to play St. Thomas at Scranton, Pennsylvania, ease on up from there to lick the Montreal Athletic Club, finally struggling back to the Alamo after a little outing that would have brought them half around the globe if taken in a straight line.

He has had his good teams and last year he had his stinker but nothing ever prevents him from keeping the headlines popping. For the San Francisco game last year he filled the ether with loud bologna about the "mystery Susy-Q," which was to provide "swing-time on the gridiron" and was to be the football counterpart of the Big Apple. What it turned out to be was the old-style tandem behind a 5-1 unbalanced line and all it got Mr. Simms and his minions was a 31-0 smacking.

"We just made one mistake," admits the celebrated Mose, ruefully. "We forgot to have a team."

In truth, last year was a misery for St. Mary's because they played fifteen games and lost nine of them. They even took on a postseason game in Houston just to show how they loved the sport, but Mr. Simms says eleven games will be sufficient in the future, what with him weighing 250 pounds and not taking the bouncing so well any more. As an instance of how St. Mary's does it, they defeated McKendree College of Lebanon, Illinois, at San Antonio on a Thursday night, got in their old jallopy next morning, drove 573 miles to El Paso and licked Texas Mines there on Saturday afternoon.

When they accuse St. Mary's of fostering professionalism, Mr. Simms merely says: "Sure, we give them free room and fodder. . . . Who doesn't?" They also get an education and a chance to see the world that comes only to members of the U. S. Marines and escaped embezzlers. If they aren't broadened by travel at least they are a trifle flattened. Many of their football losses can be directly traced to the inability of the players to get their legs unknotted after seven hundred miles in that torture rack.

The Football Limited

As to the further charge that the boys are too long away from their desks, Mr. Simms answers that the longest excursion is to San Francisco and that is made just prior to the opening of school and, furthermore, that the young gentry become so sharpened by contact with civilization on their various pilgrimages that the faculty is practically frightened into a pet by their brilliance on their return. He has never gone so far as to maintain that the eager undergraduates had burrowed their noses in their algebra right in the midst of the Great American Desert because he knows that the only way anybody could have done that would have been to nail the book to the roof and peruse it by lying on his back in the aisle. There was certainly no room for anything else in that perambulating hole of Calcutta.

But all those days are over, for St. Mary's now has what Mr. Simms claims is the biggest bus in the world.

"If it isn't the biggest bus in the world," he says threateningly, "we'll build on an annex. It's got to be the biggest bus in the world."

If it happens to fall short of being the largest, it is undoubtedly the loudest. The gentleman who did the paint job on this little mastodon evidently used

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everything from his toes to his elbows in spreading his message. On either side is "St. Mary's" in letters so large that it seems impossible the motor will be able to drag the wheels through this bog of paint. There are smaller, but no less attention-arresting, reminders on front and back—and the top has a designation big enough to cover a barn, this being for the benefit of apartment-house dwellers, executives in office buildings and passengers on airplanes. Mr. Simms doesn't want anybody coming around bawling that he didn't find out what that big bus was doing in town. There was a suggestion that Simms do something about the bottom of the bus as an aid to stray moles, garter snakes and dead chickens who might also be interested in what was going on above them, but Mr. Simms voted this down with some asperity.

"You can't make a mockery of our finest national sport," were the words he used in this connection. He seemed to refer to football.

When this year's schedule was announced back in April, Mr. Simms got out a little explanatory matter to go with each engagement, to wit: "September 29—Xavier University Musketeers at Cincinnati. Visit WLW radio station and witness N. Y. Yanks vs. Cincinnati Reds World Series baseball game." This seems to qualify Mr. Simms as a prophet as well as a train dispatcher. The team is just as colorful this year but they are discarding their eleven defensive formations for the sake of working on three that they can master.

They are also doing a great deal of passing and not so much kicking, having lost Mr. Potts and his bare footsies. Doug Locke is back from his experiences with the pros to enlighten the backfield, and Guy Todd will alternately grease up the new bus, which he still drives, and the maneuvers of the ponderous linemen.

This year things have been humming. They went out and licked San Francisco 7-6, although, according to the West Coast papers, the St. Mary's boys looked like high-school students. Their only early season loss was to a strong Toledo University team, 20-12. So with victory on the wing and with Hugh Fincher, considered by many the best college press agent in the country, turning out bright words of ballyhoo, Mr. Simms is enjoying the fall weather.

But even in the midst of his gridiron travail, Mr. Simms has been thinking ahead. He has been thinking ahead to basketball, which is also a sport. In this connection, Mr. Simms has thought up something pretty nifty. The boys of old St. Mary's (Texas) will arrive on the floor in the regulation warm-up suits and the surprise will come when they remove same to start the game. At this juncture it will be seen that the gentlemen are wearing long flannel underwear. They will be white in color but with big red flaps and white buttons. The center, who happens to be 6:6½ feet in altitude, will be garbed in faded red flannels. This is expected to frighten the opposition, amuse the spectators and give the players such a sensation of itching that they will be practically ferocious.

"There are other plans on foot," says Mr. Simms, "that I hope we shall soon be able to consummate."

This seems to be stretching ambition a bit far and one might warn Mr. Simms of the fate of Julius Caesar, but it would do little good except to give him additional ideas. One's brain bogs at the thought of what he might do with eleven men and true—all garbed in togas and uttering little Latin cries of defiance. No team in its right mind would have anything to do with them.

THE GENERAL

"Attention, you! I'm having trouble enough crossing these rivers without you making me hop!"

FRANK OWEN

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25¢ qt.

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Birthday

Continued from page 21

What she would call him had been for Eleanor a matter of grave concern. Perhaps Dad was too familiar just at first? But when, with an unexpected timidity, she called him Father, he had looked down at her with a curious expression.

"Oh, for gosh sake, call me Alec," he said.

Being a newspaperman, Eleanor found, meant going to the city late in the morning and coming home late at night, six days a week. She didn't see much of him. Even on Sundays, if he and her mother didn't go out, the house was full of people coming and going, and there wasn't much room for her. During the week it was lovely, because she had dinner with Mother—unless she was in the city or dining with friends—but even so it wasn't quite as Eleanor had dreamed it.

Even absent, Alec filled the house. His pipes, which to Eleanor's unaccustomed nose smelled vile, were in the living room. His books were in the shelves, jostling and overcrowding the ones she was familiar with from Mother's apartment; his ragged hats and well-worn jackets took up most of the hooks in the hall closet. And Mother, Eleanor felt, was always thinking about him.

Once he had stayed home to work on something called "a special assignment," which apparently was awfully important because he was more excited than she had guessed he could be. He took over the living room with his typewriter and his pipe, and Mother told Eleanor to go out and play and not disturb him. But she forgot him, and came bouncing in the house and slammed the front door and stood in the hall and yelled:

"Mo-other, Mother! There's the cutest frog—just as tame as anything. *Do* come and see him, quick!"

And then the living-room door crashed open and Alec stood there enormous and towering and glaring at her.

"What the devil do you mean by this row?" he roared. "Didn't your mother tell you to be quiet?"

They faced each other for a minute, the tall man and the little girl, and then his lips twitched, almost as if he were smiling, and he said more quietly, "It's a hell of a thing—isn't it?—for an old newspaperman not to be able to stand a little noise. Beat it, anyway, will you?"

She simply stared at him, in bewilderment and anger. No one had ever shouted at her like that before; no one had ever ordered her to beat it. Sheer rage took precedence of every other feeling. She lifted her chin and gave him one level glance before she turned on her heel and walked out, closing the door meticulously and silently behind her.

LATER, Mother had said, almost with diffidence, "Look, darling, Alec's sorry he lost his temper with you this morning. But he isn't used to children. It's sort of hard on both of you, getting accustomed to new things."

"Oh, it's all right," Eleanor replied loftily. "I didn't mind."

But she thought to herself, "He might have had the decency to apologize without making Mother do it for him."

After that she was careful to stay out of Alec's way, and her manner when she couldn't avoid him did credit to Miss Stevenson's old-fashioned training.

There had been an idea in the back of her mind that before long she could bring up the subject of a dog. But she gave it up; she didn't want favors from Alec.

"Anyway," she thought now, plowing along in the cold rain, "I'd be afraid to let him near a dog. He'd probably beat it."

Still, she had to admit, she had never seen Alec actually *do* anything that would hurt an animal.

But he should have let her know about Mother.

Mother!

When would she reach the hospital? She had been walking for hours, it seemed. It was much, much farther than she had thought. Her shoes were soggy weights. Water had soaked through her leather windbreaker; her hat was so wet that she finally took it off and let the rain beat down on her hair without hindrance.

Only a few cars passed her. They went by without apparently seeing the small figure plodding, obedient to regulations, well to the side of the roadway.

This was her birthday.

At the thought, tears she couldn't stop ran down her cheeks. She didn't try to wipe them away. They met and mingled with the rain.

SHE was too physically miserable to do anything more than put one foot before the other, step by step, step by step, and let the dull ache in her heart take care of itself as best it could. She was too tired to think any more about Mother, or Alec, or her birthday. Just once, vividly, the thought of the baby flashed into her mind.

Mother had been so happy about the baby; her happiness surrounded her like a crystal globe. Eleanor had tried hard not to show that she didn't one bit like the idea of a little brother or a little sister. Sometimes there even seemed to be flashes of sympathy between her and Alec on this one subject.

But the baby could not hold her attention long. She relapsed dully, concentrating on the business of walking—just walking—just getting to the hospital somehow, before she lay down by the road and died.

And then when it seemed impossible that she would ever reach it, when she was so close to exhaustion that she had almost forgotten it, there it was. Comfortable, low, warm red-brick buildings looming ahead.

She stumbled into the hall and into the arms of a nurse.

"Mother!" she wailed. "I want my mother."

They took her into a little white room with a strange smell, but it was warm and the couch was soft and so were the hands of the nurses. They asked her name, gently, while they struggled with her pulpy boots and gave her something hot and pungent to drink.

"But are you *sure* your mother's here, in *this* hospital, dear?" they asked. "There's no one registered by that name."

"Oh, *yes!*" she cried. "Oh, look again. Please look again."

The nightmare deepened. Mother really was dead then, and Alec had taken her away already. The figures bending over her wavered, and faded into an encompassing blackness.

She came back to the sound of a voice saying urgently, loudly:

"Is she here? Thank God!"

"The boat was jammed and they had to put us up in the cocktail lounge. It was quite a crossing"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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There was a subdued stir around her.

"I got home . . . not there. The maid didn't know. . . . It was just a hunch coming back here. . . . I've never put in such an hour in my life. . . ."

Other voices murmured.

"That was her name," the first one said. "The child—well, I suppose she forgot about me. Can't say I blame her."

Eleanor opened her eyes. Alec was kneeling beside her.

"Mother . . ." she whispered. "Is she . . ."

His eyes looked different seen so close.

"All right," he said quickly, as if he knew what was in her mind. "She's swell. Waiting to see you. Upstairs." He engulfed her hand in his.

Clinging to him, she struggled upright, wondering why her muscles didn't obey.

A NURSE came between them. "Rest for a while," she said. "You fainted. You don't want to frighten your mother, do you?"

"I've got to see her," Eleanor said between set lips. "Right now."

"In a few minutes." Eleanor pushed away the starched, restraining arm.

"You let me go," she said furiously. "I've got to see her. I've got to make sure. . . ."

She stood up, wobbling, but this time it was Alec who intervened. Alec, whose big arm around her, holding her up, was curiously comforting.

"Can't you see," he said to the nurse, "the poor kid thought she was dead. She doesn't believe me. She's got to be shown. I'll get her up there all right."

The nurse drew back, offended. "It's against all the rules," she said stiffly. "I can't allow it."

"Oh, the hell with the rules! Come on, Eleanor. I'll carry you if you wobble."

"I won't wobble," Eleanor said with dignity. But she let him go on holding her up, and they walked out the door together.

They got in an elevator. Alec said suddenly, "Hey, you haven't any shoes on."

She looked down in surprise. Her feet were wrapped in woolen socks far too big for them. She giggled involuntarily.

"I wondered why they felt so funny," she said. "My shoes and stockings were awfully wet."

For a moment Alec didn't speak. Then he said, "You have a brother now."

"Have I?" Eleanor was mildly interested. The elevator poked slowly, silently upward. It stopped.

Eleanor pulled up a sock. "It might be quicker," she said, "if you carried me. If you don't mind. . . ."

The words weren't out of her mouth before she was up off the floor up in his arms and they were rushing magnificently down an apparently endless corridor. Nurses and men in white coats looked at them with shocked surprise. One, more starched and imposing than the rest, barred the way.

"Beat it!" said Alec briefly.

He pushed open a door.

"Quiet now, kid," he said. "I think she's asleep."

He put her down and she stood at the foot of the high bed and filled her eyes. Mother was there, sleeping, very white and tired-looking but there alive, stirring a little in her sleep.

After a moment she turned back to Alec.

"All right," she whispered. "It's all right now."

"You bet it is," he whispered back, and swung her up in his arms again.

This time they went down another hall to a door made half of clear glass. Alec knocked, and Eleanor stared through the glass at two rows of tiny beds where some small objects moved mysteriously.

A nurse came, with that same horrified expression, to the door. Alec spoke firmly, and she went away shaking her head. Alec waited. After a moment she returned carrying a bundle and held it up to the glass.

The bundle had a small red face and a mass of black hair. Two doll-like arms stuck inertly out of the wrappings. Eleanor was not excited.

"There he is," Alec said, and she was more surprised by the new note in his voice than by the atom of humanity behind the glass door. "Alexander, Jr."

"I see," said Eleanor.

But just then Alexander, Jr., opened his eyes and looked right at her. They were enormously dark and wise. He turned his head and flailed his arms.

"Oh, look, look!" Eleanor cried aloud. "His hands! Did you ever see anything like his hands! Oh, Alec, won't they let me hold him, or just touch him?"

"Hell no," growled Alec. "You'd think he was made of glass the way they act. But we'll get our innings yet, kid. Wait till he gets home."

Disapprovingly the nurse removed the bundle and laid it in a far bed.

"The show's over. Shall we go home?"

"All right," Eleanor said absently. "I guess that's a nice birthday present after all."

"Jumping Moses," Alec cried out. "It is your birthday, isn't it? Say, hurry and get ready to go, will you?"

Eleanor hurried. She felt a little dizzy. In the car Alec wrapped her up in a big blanket.

"Errand to do before we go home," he explained curtly. But she didn't seem to mind his rudeness as she had. She closed her eyes and for a little while slept soundly. She awakened, a second time that day, to Alec's voice.

"Wake up, kid," he was saying, but quite gently. "I want you to—oh, I'll show you."

Sleepily she stumbled out of the car.

"I didn't know quite what kind of dog you wanted," Alec was saying, "so I thought you'd better pick him out yourself."

Eleanor looked up at him.

"How did you know I wanted a dog?" she demanded. "Did Mother tell you?"

"No," he said. "I guess," his mouth twitched, "I guess I hoped you'd like one because I want one so badly myself."

Eleanor digested that in silence.

"I THOUGHT," he went on, "that maybe we could sort of break in—er—Mother to the idea gradually, see? I mean, I could give you a pup for your birthday, and then when she—Mother—gets used to it maybe you could give me one for my birthday later on. What do you think?"

Eleanor took a deep breath.

"I think it's wonderful," she said.

They walked up the path to the kennels.

"Alec," Eleanor said suddenly, "would you mind very much if I called you Dad?"

Alec stopped short and began fussing with his pipe, scowling down at her over the bowl.

"I would mind," he said. "I have never had any desire to be a father. I don't even like children. I kept telling your mother that when she insisted on marrying me. I told her—I said, 'Ellie, you're a damn' fool. I love you like the devil, but you're nuts if you expect me to live in the same house with a child.'" He seemed to be talking mainly to himself, and he was having trouble with his pipe.

Eleanor stood on one foot and considered him thoughtfully.

"And I was right, wasn't I? And now there are two of you." He flung away a burnt match and strode up the path.

Eleanor ran after him. She was laughing.

"You *are* funny," she said.

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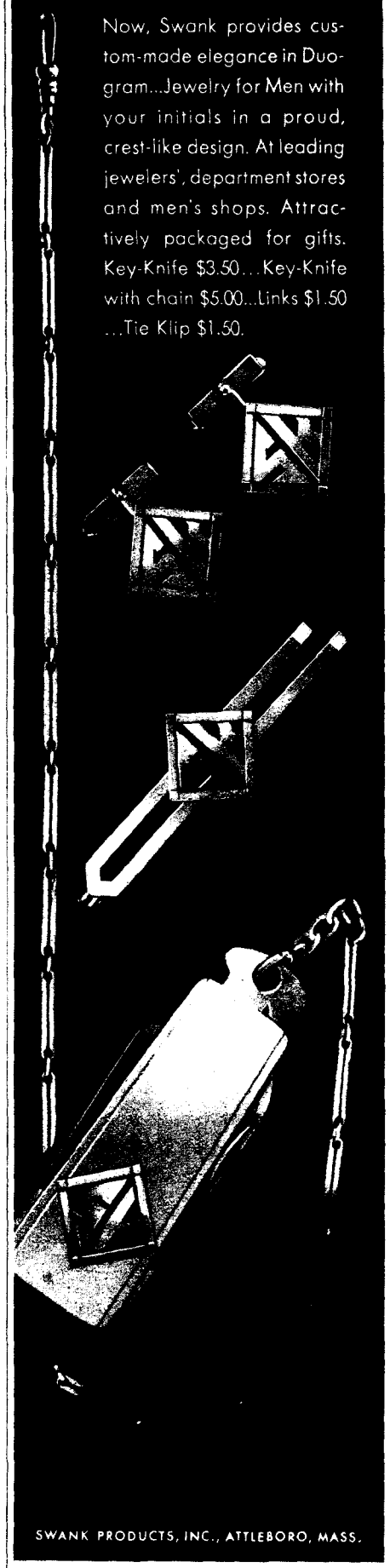

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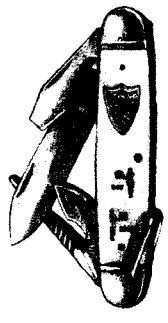

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The World is Like That

Continued from page 26

"Then we'll have to plan on from there."

"A nice wedding day, and a nice wedding present, for you!" he muttered. "You're a wonderful woman, Jocelyn. I love this girl, Norma," he said whimsically, sadly, to his daughter.

"I do, too, Dad," Norma said in a whisper.

"But now about hiding her," Jocelyn said. "It can't be here, because the servants will be in and out of these rooms all day, getting them in order for us when we get back. They're moving your desk in, and the books—everything. So—oh, I know! You're taking me to my aunt early tomorrow; take Norma, too. I'll tell them there that she is one of the girls I knew in the office—that's true, for I did meet Norma there, three years ago, and nobody'll ever suspect who she is. They'll all be too much excited over Sissy to notice anything, and on Saturday we three will come over to town and meet the boat. Do you know anyone in the shipping company who might help us out, Phil?"

"I know von Haugermann. I know the captain, too. There wouldn't be any trouble about that. But, Jocelyn, how about here? If we get my mother and Annette and all the rest of them talking—?"

"Agnes wouldn't talk. And we've not mussed the other bed, she'd not know—or Phil, why not take us both to Sausalito tonight, now? We originally talked of that. I'll slip into Norma's room and find her what clothing I can, and pack a bag, and you drive us yourself. I'll only have to wake Aunt Nell; Uncle Bart sleeps like a dead man, and I'll explain that there was so much to do tomorrow—"

"Be ready in ten minutes, then," he said, on a great sigh of relief. He looked at Norma and his face clouded again. "I don't know where we're going," he said, "but we're on our way!"

In Norma's beautiful rooms, where she and her wayward, willful little charge had had so many talks in the beginning of their friendship only a few months ago, Jocelyn found the furniture in slip covers, the mirrors and tables shrouded, the shades drawn. The place looked like something dead, laid out for burial.

But in the closets plenty of Norma's less popular frocks were hanging, flanked by hats of all sorts and lines of shoes. There were smart little bags and cases; in the dressing table were brushes and pots and jars of beautifying creams and powders; and in the chests were cobwebby masses of underwear; frail batiste and satin and crepe. Jocelyn packed rapidly, opening drawers to take out stockings and handkerchiefs, mentally explaining as she did so, to some curious maid or alarmed butler who might intrude upon her, that these things were to be sent to Miss Norma.

But no one came in, and in fifteen minutes she could rearrange covers and dustcloths as nearly as possible in their original positions and go back to Norma and her father.

They were ready to go; Jocelyn delayed them only long enough to scribble a note to Philip's mother:

"Dear Mrs. Fordyce, we are making a very early start for Sausalito. I've said everything I can to coax you to our wedding, but if you don't come I'll understand. Jocelyn."

Then they were off, making the drive in forty minutes, separating with whispers in the shabby hall of the Partridge house, when a sleepy Aunt Nell took charge of them.

THERE was such uproar in the Partridge house on the following morning over the approaching wedding, and over Sissy's well-timed return and over the now certain prospect that Jossy was expecting another baby, that family interests swept over the introduction of Norma as Miss Norah Smith like a high tide over a cockleshell. Norma was very quiet, and made no effort to attract attention to herself. She was subdued and pale this morning; wiped breakfast dishes meekly; listened eagerly to the girls' chatter, and now and then, in spite of herself, laughed her deep, awkward laugh; the laugh of a girl to whom all this intimate gay sister stuff was new.

"I never saw a girl who knew so little about a kitchen," Jane confided to Jocelyn at one stage of the proceedings. "She's simply darling with the babies, but I suppose she's been in an office since high school, and doesn't know anything about housekeeping."

"She's having an awfully good time," Jocelyn said noncommittally.

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes, I think Nor—ah's pretty."

Norma went with Bam and Peaches to borrow plates from the Ridgways; she went late in the morning to the Jordans' with Jossy to get more flowers. Jocelyn's aunt had determined that the house should be just as pretty for Jocelyn's wedding as it had been for the three earlier weddings; Tots took a lively interest in the proceedings because her own wedding date was now only a few weeks ahead. There was a mammoth layer cake and there were small cakes; there was to be a toast, of course, even though there would be only a score of them to drink it.

"Jocelyn," Jane said, when they were all upstairs in an enormous bedroom filled with beds and cribs and couches, and when everyone was stretched out resting after the labors of the morning, "does it make the slightest difference to you that Philip Fordyce is so rich?"

Jocelyn's eyes went instinctively to Norma's, and she felt the color in her face as she laughed. But Sissy, only a week married to a man whose income for years must be somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty dollars a week, spoke up joyfully:

"Of *course* it makes a difference, doesn't it, Jocelyn? I mean—iceboxes and things, and looking at secondhand stoves, and simply feeling ready to die when a tire goes gently 'whoosh!' and lies down on you!"

They all laughed. Jocelyn saw Norma's eyes fixed on Sissy; Sissy, who was so lovely and so happy and so silly, and but six months older than Norma herself.

"Now we have about three hundred dollars to furnish the house, but of course we'll do a lot on installments," Sissy said.

"Rusty's mother is sending us a lot of stuff she has had in storage," Tots said. "But I don't know how good it is. If we take a modern apartment we've no room for a sideboard and a dining-room table."

"There's only one thing I hate and loathe about housekeeping," Jossy contributed, stretching an arm from the couch where she lay, to push back into

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the pen the toys her nineteen-months-old daughter had thrown overboard. "I simply hate to brush up crumbs in the dining room after meals. I'll sweep the kitchen five times a day, that's all right. But when it comes to trailing around with a dustpan, and then having to dust everything again, I hate it!"

"Use a carpet sweeper, Jossy!"

"I'm unlucky with carpet sweepers; I suppose I'm not bright. But at the last moment they always open, and drool crumbs and fluff all over the floor again."

Norma laughed her deep, abrupt laugh. Peaches, fifteen years old, said firmly:

"That's nothing to gathering up the last handful out of the sink. One cherry stone and a piece of wet crust and a cigarette—ugh!"

"No, I'll tell you what I hate," Jossy contributed animatedly. "I hate grease. When Mother cooks chickens for a curry or a pie, the big pot is greasy and its handle is greasy, the strainer is greasy and the ladle and the bowls and my cuffs and the chain to light the electric light and the sink faucets, and it's all one warm, greasy mess!"

"I hate onions! I'm never going to have them in my house," Sissy stated. "I've told Ned so. He was darling about it. Jane, don't you really think he's cute? You haven't any idea how cute he is. The trouble with onions is, well," she resumed, "Mother tells me to put a little onion into something. Well, then afterward, I go wash my hands, and look, no matter what soap I use—I used to use your pink dollar soap, Jane, when Charlie used to send it to you when you were engaged; it doesn't make any difference, the onion smell comes gently through!"

"Funny how you'll pick out one thing to hate," Bam, who was sixteen, said thoughtfully. "I hate peeling tomatoes and opening cans. And it seems to me Mother is always asking me to do just those two things. I can't open cans, especially sardine cans. They curl all over and you have to hook the sardines out with a hairpin."

"Bam!"

"Well, or an ice pick. And Mother," Bam said to Norma aggrievedly, "Mother won't let you pop the tomatoes on a gas jet, you know. Oh, no, that makes them watery. You have to peel them, and let them drip all over you."

"I don't mind anything," Tots, thinking of her approaching wedding day and her Rusty, said dreamily, "if I can do it alone. But when you're dressed for company, with your hair done, and you have to go out and just season something, or take it out of the oven, and then dash back to the porch and pretend that it's all going too smoothly—that makes me wild!"

ALL so young and gay and innocent with their trials and their joys, Jocelyn reflected, and lying in their midst the girl who was youngest of all except the two schoolgirls, and in whose heart so dark a secret rested. She tried to think ahead to tomorrow, and to what it could possibly bring in the way of a solution to Norma's problem. Would she and Philip take the girl with them when they started off in the car at five o'clock?

But she could get no further with that line of thought, for the realization that so soon she would be his, and he hers, drowned out all others, and do what she would her senses swam off into a dreamy space peopled only by their two selves, made miraculous by the fact of their loving each other.

She was to meet him in the city at three o'clock; he had to spend five minutes in court this afternoon, to resign the guardianship of a friend's son after some months of responsibility; then he and Jocelyn would wander off to do a little last-minute shopping, and finally he would bring her back to her aunt's for dinner, and leave at about nine o'clock, not to see her again until her wedding day. On that day custom said that the bride should be invisible until the very hour of the ceremony, but Jocelyn knew that they would have to flout custom for once.

They would have to leave her aunt's house with Norma at about eleven; drive to the docks, wait, with the girl hidden in the car until the big ship was in, and then mingle with the crowds on board and on the dock, be photographed, give their story to the press. Philip's friend had unsuspectingly managed a pass; they could drive close to the ship; there would be small chance in the general confusion that anyone, seeing Norma there, would suspect her story that she had been a passenger. Philip had decided to give his mother a strong hint, this Friday night, that the girl might be expected. This would have the effect of bringing Mrs. Fordyce to the arrival, and Norma would go home with her.

"We're safe to leave her with Granny a few days," Philip said to Jocelyn sadly, "she's not looking for any more mischief at the moment."

"Don't take it so hard, Phil." She had never seen him so anxious, so sobered, before.

"I don't know what one *would* take hard," he answered briefly.

She had joined him at the office, amused and thrilled because one or two of the girls who had been her associates there six months ago were ready with congratulations and eager questions about her marriage. Now she and Philip were on their way to court. The summer streets looked dry and colorless; a steady, even wall of wind moved grit and papers along the curbs. But to Jocelyn it was all enchanted.

"I SUPPOSE if she is right, Phil—and of course she may not be, you could persuade this man to marry her?"

"Ouch!" he said. "She need never see him again, of course. I'm not able to believe it yet," Philip said, shaking his head as if he shook away some buzzing, troublesome insect. "Spotty! Oh, I knew they were all young fools, and I knew that one or two of the girls had gone too far—girls of nice families, too, but somehow I thought she was too smart for that."

"Cocktails, Phil, and excitement, and music, and this petting that they all do. I don't know," Jocelyn said, walking along beside him, grave and pretty and concerned, "I don't know where they expect it to lead! Their songs give them away."

"Their songs?"

"If you listen to their songs, Phil, you know that they have—ideas. 'I don't want your kisses, baby, if I can't have your love,' and 'I waken in the dawn to find my lover gone' and dozens of others like them. Their 'petting' goes a good deal further than—well, doesn't it?—than out-and-out love-making used to go. I presume," Jocelyn went on, with a rueful little laugh, "that some of these fair young debutantes know things that decent old grandmothers who had raised families of children never experienced! The theory is now that there's safety in it. But I don't think there's safety in it," she finished simply.

"One wonders why it is," Philip said, "that so often in this life everything would be perfect if we could just go back of one event, with the knowledge we have after it. If I could have kept her from just this experience! It seems to me her mother and Sandy might have saved her that!"

"If it is true, what she thinks, Phil, if there is really to be a child, shall you find this man and try to make him marry her?"

"There won't be any question of mak-

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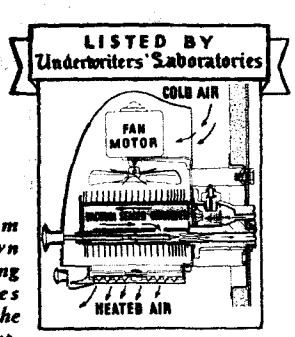

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ing him. He'll marry her fast enough! She's put herself, and me too, that much into his power. That's what he's after. I can see him," Philip said grimly, "discussing settlements. 'It is the custom in my country—'

"No," he began presently, as Jocelyn walked along in silence at his side, and answered him only with a timid glance, "we aren't the first to have to face this, darling, although it's a little tough to have it come on your wedding day. We'll give the newspapers plenty of room with Norma's marriage to a prince; we'll pay him what he wants, and then we'll kick him out."

"It may be the thing that will make a woman of her, Phil."

"I don't know. There'll be the child for them to quarrel about. As long as he holds a claim on the child there'll be trouble."

"PHIL, I was thinking. If, in the autumn, we had found the place we want, a big ranch with mountains and lakes in it, and if we were building a lodge there, with open fireplaces and a game room full of guns—"

"How good that sounds!" he said under his breath, as she paused.

"Then why not have Norma and Agnes—Agnes adores her—and perhaps Mattress, up there? Let people think that Norma and her governess are traveling, have the baby there, and leave it there with some good woman and her husband who will run the place for us. Let it grow up there, swimming and fishing and riding horses, always keep an eye on it—"

"Yes, and what would we do with the prince meanwhile?" he asked, wearily despairing. "D'you think he'd stand for that? No. What he wants is the Riviera, races and roulette and women and showing off how much he was able to get out of the Americans. If she bucks, if she tells him to go to hell, then he can claim the child. Why, you've seen it over and over, Jocelyn! There are cases that come up in court every few years. The So-and-so guardianship case."

"I was thinking, Phil. Why make them marry?"

"Why—?" He looked at her amazed; stopped short in the street. "Why make them marry?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes. The mischief's done. The sin—I suppose she never heard that word. But the sin is committed. She hates him, and she has good reason to. How does marriage help them?"

"Well, it—well, it—" he began stammering. "Anyone would say that that was the only way out," he said. "For the child's sake," he added. But uncertainly. A light was dawning in his eyes. The light of combat and of hope.

"God knows it is a sad enough mess, Phil. But how does tying her to this beast help it? If she doesn't marry, the child is all hers. There can't be any question of guardianship then. I don't believe a legal ceremony between those two would straighten it out in her mind. I think it would raise all sorts of hateful problems that might wreck her life. Remember that, no matter how reckless she was, this thing was not of her choosing. If Norma had wanted to carry on a love affair like this she wouldn't have chosen that man. And some day, Phil," Jocelyn said, gaining confidence, "she'll marry someone she loves, and she can tell him that before she was eighteen a man she hardly knew—she can tell him everything. And the child will be safe, growing up in the California mountains and to Norma some day it will all come to be like a dream of youth and recklessness."

"Oh, Jocelyn, you give me hope!" the man said, holding tight to her hand, standing still in the griminess and wind of the afternoon street. "That—that lets him out entirely!" he breathed, in a deep tone of relief. "That saves us all. Nothing can make a relationship like that right; the situation is no worse now than it would be if they were married. We can protect the child; we can—I don't want to see him, and she won't. But we can find him a place—"

"Decide that when the child's here, if there is to be a child," Jocelyn said. "Meanwhile, for months, Norma can live with us here in Hill Acres, and in the fall perhaps we'll travel. We'll say we are going abroad, and come back to our mountains, and take care of her there."

"If someone suspects—?"

"Phil, people aren't going to suspect. And even suspicions aren't dangerous. It may save her," Jocelyn said eagerly, "from some marriage with another titled foreigner. It may be enough of that sort of thing to last her for life! It's a great tragedy, Phil, but you can see from Norma's manner that she's not taking it lightly. She feels humiliated and shamed and shocked—I wouldn't dream that one of these modern girls who think they take life so lightly could be so horrified by reality."

"If you could know what you have done to lift the burden of worry that I've been carrying since night before last—!" he began.

"So we get married tomorrow, Phil, and leave her with your mother. And then in about a week she joins us, and we can plan all the details then. And Prince—what's his name, Orgatzyk?—is out of it forever."

"I need never see him," Philip said, in deep thankfulness. "What a farce to think that a few words from a justice of the peace could make that wrong right! No, let him go, like the thief in the night that he was."

"And in a year from now, all this will be in the past," Jocelyn said, as they turned in at the courthouse. She was smiling, but there were tears in her eyes.

They had duly called here at the beautiful big-domed building for their license to wed, a few days earlier. Today they went to a room upstairs, where there were the enormous desks and ink bottles, revolving leather armchairs and imposing high windows that only government revenues can afford. Philip conferred with a stout, elderly justice who never took his eyes from Jocelyn while they talked.

There was to be a delay. Jocelyn, far from familiar with the place or its ways, yet felt sure there would always be delays here. The law moved slowly; it could not be hurried.

"I'm being married tomorrow; I'm leaving for Canada," she heard Philip say.

THE dignitary at the desk could hardly have concentrated his admiring gaze more steadily upon Jocelyn, but if possible a more interested light than ever came into his eyes. He summoned a clerk; reached a fat, freckled hand for the telephone.

"This is stupid, Jocelyn," Philip said, coming to sit beside her, half-turning his back to the room. "My boy won't be here until half past four."

The judge had hung up the telephone.

"If you'll get Judge Troward's signature on that, there won't be any trouble," he said helpfully. "We could put it through, then, without you. Isn't he your cotrustee?"

"He wouldn't be in his chambers now." Philip, who had brightened at the suggestion, looked discouraged again.

"He's trying the Scudder case, across the hall here, in his court," the other man said.

"Oh, is that right? Maybe I could catch him at the recess. Ought to have a recess any minute now. What's the case? I've not been following it." Philip was hopeful again.

"Murder case."

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"Woman killed her husband?"

"Nope, he killed her. Sick-lookin' little feller that doesn't look as if he could hurt a rat. Why don't you walk in there, Phil, and just send that paper up to the desk? From what I hear things are draggin' along in there; it won't do any harm."

"I might step in there and wait for the recess. D'you want to wait here, Jocelyn?"

"I couldn't go with you, Phil?"

He laughed.

"Well, of course you could! Ever seen a trial?"

"I don't think I've ever been in a courtroom."

"Well, it might interest you. We could wait for the recess, that'd give you some idea of what goes on."

"The murderer won't be right there in court, Phil?"

"Certainly he will be."

"LIKE a play," Jocelyn said, fascinated, "like a movie!"

"It'll probably be dull," Philip warned her. "The movies and plays only pick the high lights. You'll probably hear a medical expert testifying as to the coagulation of blood, with charts and references. That'll go on for days."

"Oh, but Phil, I'd love just to see it!" she protested, her eyes bright.

"Well, come along then. Who's prosecuting, Judge?"

"District attorney, Matt himself. Want me to send a man in with you? It's apt to be packed, but I'll get you in the court door."

"Pleading guilty?"

"Pleading not guilty. Says he got out about midnight and was out of town entirely. Says some feller walked in there and bashed her up and he found her that way. But it doesn't look any too good for him."

"They'd quarreled, hadn't they? Isn't that the case where the woman had told her neighbors that her husband was going to kill her some day? Didn't he run away?"

"He beat it. He's a weak, miserable-lookin' little feller," said the judge. "Yes, sure he ran away. They picked him up only about a month ago; he'd changed his name; he was living in Carson City. The boys did a nice piece of work on that. Matt has him for the first degree. They found the clothes, you know. He'd taken a suit with him—he was cool enough for that—and thrown what he was wearing over Dumbarton Bridge. No, maybe 'twas the Golden Gate Bridge. Anyway, they were all bloody, and they were identified. They've got 'em in court. It's a pretty straight case, but he's got a good lawyer—he's putting up a fight. Charley," he concluded, addressing a court attendant who had been summoned by his bell, "take Mr. Fordyce and Miss—Britton? Thank you—take 'em over to Judge Troward's court, will you, and get 'em chairs?"

Jocelyn and Philip crossed the wide rotunda, and were admitted by the judge's door to a crowded courtroom. Jocelyn had never been in one in her life before, and in a flutter of nervousness, self-consciousness and absorbed interest she found herself seated within the railing, only a few feet away from the raised dais upon which was the judge's long desk. Above him was a portrait of some early Californian judge; above that a great flag hung straight.

His Honor was alone upon the bench; below him, at floor level, was the long table of the lawyers, littered with papers

"Please, Mister, willya gimme a dime for a cuppa coffee?"

LEONARD DOVE

HOW HE MURDERED HER WITHOUT A SCRUPLE!
"GOODBYE, MR. LYNCH," said the sweet young thing. "Your new car is a dream, but as for marrying you . . . No! I just can't stand that pipe of yours! It smells perfectly awful!"
"BUT SUSABELLE! This here's a brand-new pipe! Be reasonable, woman!" No . . . the odor of that pesky briar still haunted her, so on went the roller skates. But . . .
LUCKILY, the postman heard the quarrel, and suggested, "Swab out that pipe, me lad. Refill with a mild blend like this Sir Walter. Take one sniff, lady—you won't regret it!"
THAT PIPEFUL of Sir Walter sure won her back! In fact the mild burley leaves made such an agreeable aroma that Susabelle up and said "yes"! Try a two-ounce tin yourself!
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CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in
. . . brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN *Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

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and articles of evidence, and surrounded with coffee-house chairs with comfortable round backs. In these chairs a dozen men were seated; some young, some old, all with papers before them and pencils in hand. The witness stand was empty at the moment; a passionately earnest young man was asking that a certain small ax, clotted still with dark stains, be thrown out as evidence.

The eyes of the courtroom audience, and the jury's eyes, had focused upon Philip and Jocelyn as they had been escorted in, and even the judge had given them a sharp glance over his spectacles. But now interest in the trial had been resumed, and Jocelyn felt less conspicuous, and could feel some of the satisfaction of the privileged spectator at a scene always thrilling and always packed with an intent audience.

"Phil, when do they bring the prisoner in?" she whispered.

Philip, with a little hint of a smile, jerked his head, and Jocelyn caught an involuntary shallow breath. A man was sitting within five feet of her at the table; a quiet man whose profile she could see when he leaned to speak in whispers to the man next to him, but whose back was fully presented when he sat straight in his chair. Insignificant, with thin, silky brown hair thinning and graying, and anxious, thin, freckled hands that were nervously knotted before him on the green baize of the table; wearing a cheap jacket, of shoddy brown material—that was the murderer! That was a man who could bash in the head of the sleeping woman he once had loved, and leave her to die while he made away to safety and obscurity in a great Western city. How must he feel as here in court they unfolded the details of the drama one by one, reconstructed that terrible morning after a fight, displayed to his dull eyes the very nightgown the unfortunate woman had been wearing, the garments he had worn as he escaped?

ON THE wall on the jury side of the court was a scroll with a diagram; the poor little rooms in San José Avenue where this tragedy had taken place. Parlor, bedroom, kitchen; dark smudges that were blood trails crossing them; an eight-point star drawn where the collapsed form of the woman had been found by neighbors at six o'clock in the morning. She had been living then; she had been able to moan; to hammer on the wall, but when they had broken their way in she had not been coherent. Scudder had come in a few minutes later, and had seized the now dead body in his arms and cried and made a great scene. But when they had sent him to telephone from the drugstore for the police, he had hastily stuffed some clothing into a bag, and had taken—the daughter had distinctly seen this—some money from a box, and had gone out not to return. An hour had gone by, and then the women had notified other neighbors who had gotten the police to the scene.

The neighbors were here in court; a stout, comfortable-looking woman with a drabbled piece of cat fur about her neck over a figured print gown; a pretty, quick-spoken girl who remembered perfectly well that it was before Thanksgiving, because her mother had asked her brother to price a turkey, and they had heard their neighbors upstairs quarreling that evening, and had said it was awful to quarrel with Thanksgiving so near.

"There are lots of men in this very room that look more like murderers than he does, Phil."

"There always are. But he's innocent until he's proved guilty, you know."

"Phil, if they find him guilty will they hang him?"

"I believe Matt Phillips—that's Matt, the red-faced one, that's the district attorney—says he could hang ten men on the evidence. This man next to me was just telling me that to him it looks like a hanging jury. But you never can tell!"

"A hanging jury?" she asked fearfully.

"That's what they say. We have to hope, of course, that it's an honest jury."

"Oh, Phil, how important that they're honest!" She looked at the twelve faces. To her they all seemed dull; stolid, dull men and women. One wouldn't want to ask them for life, against the evidence of quarrels, bloodstains, fights. "But if he's not guilty," she breathed, as Phil, resting an arm along the back of her chair, and half-twisted about, brought his face close to hers, "then why would he run away?"

"That's, I suppose, the weakest point in his case," Phil said.

"But I would!" she confessed, and he laughed.

"If he'd come in, Phil, to find her that way, and realized that they'd been heard quarreling—"

"Come in from where? He was at home. The neighbors had heard them."

"Yes, but suppose he'd gone out—he must be trying to prove that he'd gone out, if he says he didn't do it. If he'd gone out, Phil, and walked about, walking off his mad, and then had come back, mightn't he have made off in sheer terror—"

"You're so adorable that I can't wait to walk off myself with you," Phil murmured, his lips close to her forehead. "You've cleared up this whole business of Norma's for me; I see it all now as it's going to be. I don't have to make terms with the skunk who took advantage of her; I can see my way. It's not ideal—it's a terrible thing to have come into her life—"

"Who's that, Phil?"

"That's the doctor they called in. They've just recalled him to confirm something in his evidence yesterday."

"Will they put him on the stand?"

"The prisoner? Probably. They probably have. I've not been following it. Wait a minute; I'll ask."

Philip waylaid one of the attendants who were constantly coming and going; the man went away to question somebody else. He presently returned to murmur that the prisoner was to be recalled by the district attorney as the next witness.

"You're interested?" Philip asked, glancing at her, pleased that she was.

"Miss Linda says for you to sip this mint julep until the company leaves. Then you can have your sarsaparilla!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

"I'm fascinated. It's so terrible. One reads it in all the detective stories and murder books, but it's so awful when it's real. He wants so horribly to live—to walk out among men again and be interested in what he's going to have for lunch, and here he is, with a man each side of him, trapped, no getting away now from their questions and their locks and keys. Phil, mayn't we stay a while and hear some more of it?"

"Of course we may! A little of it, anyway. I'll see Judge Troward in the recess."

"THE trial won't be over then?"

"Oh, no. It'll go on, perhaps for a week. And then, even if he's convicted he'll have a right to appeal, Jocelyn, so don't break your heart over him."

"It *is* breaking my heart!" Jocelyn murmured. She watched with feverish interest the slow processes that decided the prisoner should be called, heard the rustle of excitement sweep the room as he rose, saw the jury settle as the forlorn, shabby little man of forty-five or -six mounted to the witness stand.

Sworn. He would tell the truth so help him God. He sat down under the architect's drawing, close to scale in inches of the flat he and the late Eda Ripper Scudder had once rented for some twenty-two dollars a month, and had perhaps hoped to make a happy home.

"Used to hit your wife sometimes when you got mad, give her a black eye?" said the district attorney.

"She give me plenty of black eyes," Jim said miserably, and the judge was immediately justified in announcing that if there was any more laughter he would order the court cleared.

"You said yesterday," Matt Phillips said truculently, "that you quarreled with your wife at about midnight on that Saturday, that you'd been drinking, and that you lay awake a while and then went out and got the car and went away. Was that a customary thing for you to do? You did that often, eh? Whenever you got mad?"

"No, sir, that was the only time I ever did it."

"You went to the garage for the car? See anybody there?"

"The garage is right under the house."

"And you didn't see anyone?"

"No, sir."

"Where'd you drive?"

" 'Round."

"You can't answer a question that way," said the district attorney warmly.

"I don't remember where I went."

"You were drunk?"

"I'd been drinking. No, sir; I wasn't drunk."

"You were so drunk you didn't know where you were going."

"I knew where I was going—"

"What did you say?"

"I said I knew where I was going. I just can't remember now where I went. I know I went across the bay."

"Oh, you know you went across the bay?"

"POOR fellow," Jocelyn thought. "It isn't fair to hound him like that. I don't believe he does remember. How could anyone remember what had happened on some casual night eight months ago?" She loathed the district attorney.

"And the only time you ever walked out of the house and left your wife, and left the door open, some unknown person came in and killed her, eh?" said Phillips mercilessly. "Someone who doesn't wake up the five-year-old boy—who doesn't wake Bruce—?"

It was torture. Jocelyn saw him wince as the boy was mentioned. A five-year-old boy would be a little fellow indeed to leave to the mercy of the world that had sent his father out of it. One could bear death—even shameful death—but parting from an innocent, frightened little boy would be something else again. That would be the turn of the screw—

"Well, but then why did he do it?" she asked herself. And instantly the following thought came: "Perhaps he didn't!"

Quite suddenly court adjourned. A gavel rapped; the judge rose and everyone in the room rose; lawyers hurried away; the crowd drifted out. Philip drew the judge aside, they conferred, bent over papers. The prisoner shuffled off between his jailers; press men, passing near him, gave him curious and fascinated glances. To everyone else it was a show; interesting or boring, but in no way filled with terror. Everyone but Jim Scudder could now think comfortably of dinner, could walk out into the street where men and women were coming and going, free. Jim would fearfully question his lawyer—that cheerful, fat young lawyer with the beefy red cheeks.

"Think it's going all right?"

"Yep. I think we're getting somewhere."

"Phil," said Jocelyn, as they drove through a clear, windless sunset across the big bridge, "this establishing an alibi is a serious thing, isn't it?"

"Life or death," he agreed. "Look at

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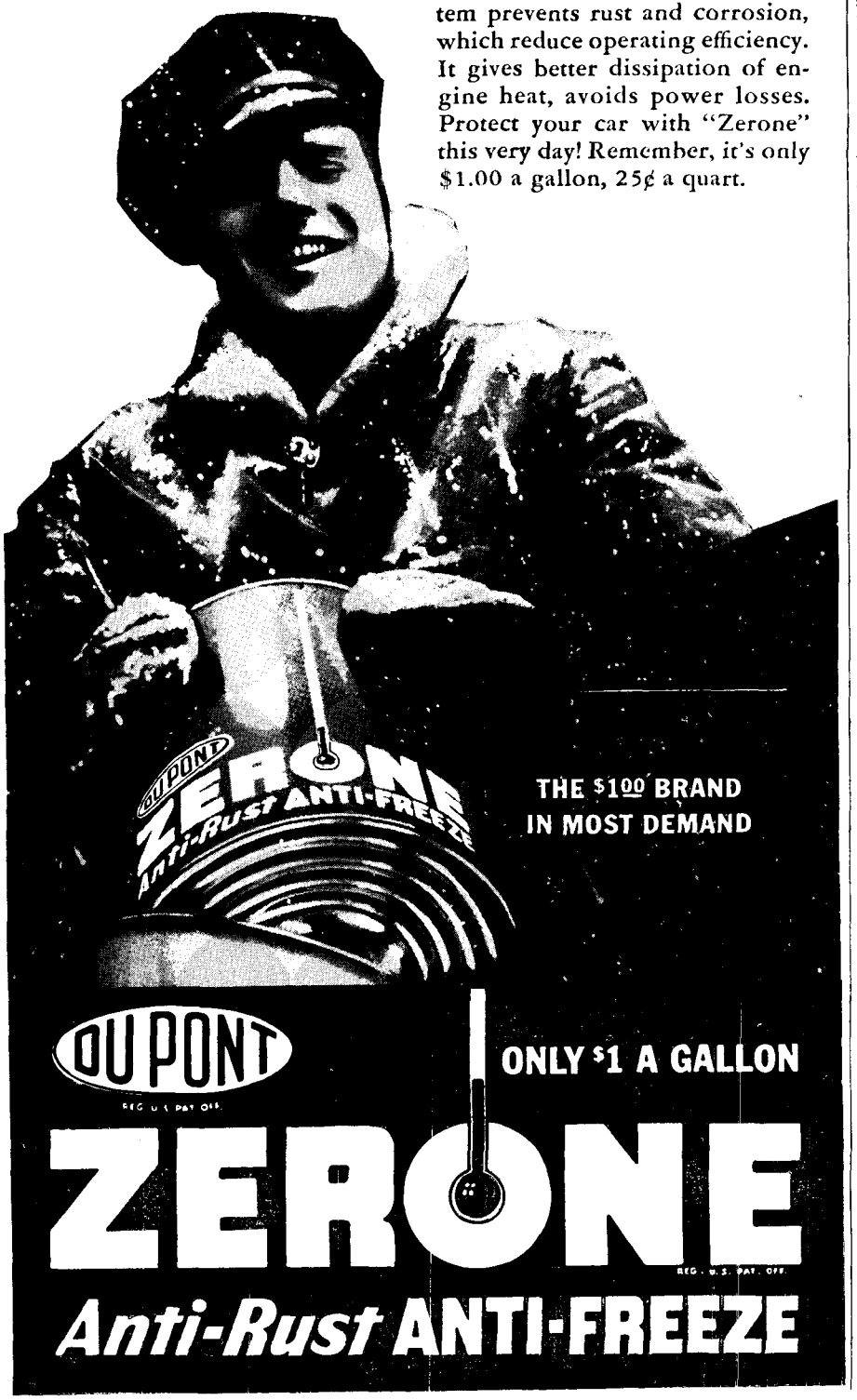

the sunset, Jocelyn. Lord, what a beautiful night!"

Below them, on the silken waters of the Gate, the fishing fleet was moving out to sea. The little launches looked like a gallant school of fish themselves heading for the west, lost in the wide expanse of the ocean's mouth. Red sunshine was glowing on the hills of the city behind them, and blazing in windows everywhere; the slopes of Sausalito's hills were already browned to summer color. The spring afternoon smelled of grass and grass fires; they had been burning the hills bare above the fort.

"Tomorrow at this time, darling, we'll be fifty miles upon our way. The Philip Fordyces."

"Jocelyn Fordyce. Beautiful name! Phil, isn't it strange that the men the law catches, the men that are cross-examined and pilloried as this poor white rat is, are the men least fitted for martyrdom. A man of any force of character would face it as just a part of the game. But this poor little meek soul is just crushed under it."

"I imagine it would crush anyone. The awful inflexibility of it. I've thought it a hundred times, in court. The guards are civil to him; he's trapped; they can afford to be nice to him. He wants to get out, and mind his own business; he doesn't want women looking at him with pity, and court officers telling him to stand up, to sit down, to put up his right hand."

"HE RAN away," Jocelyn said thoughtfully. "That's against him. Yet he might do that in cowardice, in terror."

"He might. But we've got enough to think of tonight without him. Your last as Miss Britton. Yes'm, I have the ring, and I have the fee, and I have flowers ordered for you and Tots, and I'm planning on picking you and Norma up in Sausalito tomorrow morning at half past ten. We'll meet the Matsonia, and put on our act, and come back here for—no, I bring you back here, but I don't stay. Your cousin Bam says that it's bad luck for the bridegroom even to see the bride on the wedding day, until the fatal moment, so I'll leave you here, and go over to my club and waste an hour or two."

"It's so silly, Phil, when you consider what we'll be doing all morning! However, you'll probably be just as well off in town as at Aunt Nell's, with everyone all over the place." But her thoughts were still in the courtroom, and presently she said indignantly: "I hate that Matt Phillips! Phil, don't you ever be district attorney. It's an awful job. How could anyone—least of all a brainless little nonentity like Scudder, remember what he was doing on the last Sunday in last November?"

"Ah, but he had good reason, Jocelyn. Remember that his wife was murdered that night. That might fix it in one's memory, I should think."

"Well, I couldn't for the life of me—" They were at her uncle's door now, and they descended into a boiling confusion of girls, into a jumbled welcome of laughter and kisses. Norma was here, too, but quieter, soberer than the rest. Presents had come for Jocelyn, and must be opened. There were telegrams, but those must wait until tomorrow; there had been two reporters, but they had said they would return tomorrow, too.

Nobody noticed that Jocelyn suddenly had grown pale, and had an odd look in her eyes. Or if anybody did, it was only to think that any demonstration of emotion on her part was natural enough under the circumstances. They could not read her thoughts; she dared hardly face them herself.

Where had she been last November, on the Sunday before Thanksgiving? That had been the day following that desperate and despairing Saturday when she had tried to find Kent, had been twice to the Booths' studio, had followed him to Covey's cabin, up in the Piedmont hills.

But these memories, however unwelcome, were still her own. She could dismiss them. Kent was dead; Philip knew exactly what had happened that night; no one else but herself knew anything at all of the matter.

What chilled her spine with dawning uneasy apprehension, and seemed to stop her heart beating in her breast was the recollection of what had followed on that Saturday night. Kent, who had so hurt her, who had, while they were in the office, put her aside with his rational consideration of their affair, had been willing, that night, to fling all caution to the winds. They loved each other; that was all, he had said, that mattered. They must claim each other openly, courageously, in the eyes of the world, and take whatever followed.

And she had escaped from him, gone out trembling, breathless, to her car, driven away blindly into the black night. She had felt the car slip on a wet bank, bog itself hopelessly; she had curled down on the seat cold and frightened, to get what rest she might until morning. And in the winter dawn she had started walking briskly down the road, with the sun rising behind her, and mud underfoot, and her nervous terrors gradually fading away into the light of common day.

A little man driving a shabby small car had given her a lift. He had spoken of a turkey won in a raffle; he had told her other things; they came back to her now, etched deeply into her consciousness because of her fright and shame that day, her anxiety to leave the whole experience behind her. His wife had been "mad" at him; he had had a son named "Brucie."

Jocelyn looked at the dinner table circle; Sissy was just back from her honeymoon; she and Ed were laughing, and all the others were in gales of high spirits. Every time Phil's eye caught Jocelyn's look he smiled at her that grave proprietary smile that set all her pulses hammering. Norma had seated herself next to Jocelyn; she was keeping close to her now, showing a trust in the older girl, an affectionate confidence that Jocelyn had found very touching in bold, shallow, arrogant Norma.

Now she could not think of it without despair. She could not think of Philip's love, of his pride, without despair. But neither could she desert Jim Scudder in his hour of need; he had carried her through hers to Philip's very arms. For it had been Jim Scudder who had picked her up in the cold dawn on the muddy, unfamiliar road. She remembered it all now, and her spirit sickened within her.

BUT how could she, so soon to take her honored place among his friends as Philip Fordyce's wife, tear down the whole structure of her dignity, fatally prejudice all these new neighbors, with this story of an office girl following a married man to a lonely mountain studio, running away from him in the night—

A wave of agonized color rushed over her from head to feet. That same married man, whose name must inevitably be brought into the story, had come down to Philip's house, had killed himself there—how long would it take the gossips to put two and two together about that?

Jocelyn could not eat; food choked her. She sat frozen with consternation. Whichever way she looked she could find no comfort, and it seemed to her that all the troubles of her life were nothing to that which faced her on her wedding day.

(To be concluded next week)

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Gallant Lady

Continued from page 11

downstairs, Steve greeted her with a wide, boyish grin. "Some day soon," he said, "I'll drive up to Palmetto City and get you some female clothes. Meanwhile you look cute—and a trifle lost."

She was thinking, "He said, 'Some day' . . . he thinks I'm going to stay here." She said, "I've got to talk to you," and he said, "Skip it until lunchtime. Do you ride?"

She nodded and he led her outside and they rode off together, the hoofs of their horses making a padding sound on the gray carpet of pine needles. She said suddenly, "I feel like Ann Roberts," and he said, "That's the way I want you to feel."

The vast silence of the pine woods was soothing to her nerves. Yet she knew there was something which must be discussed, but before she had said half a dozen words, he interrupted. He said, "I've thought it out, too, Ann. In all that excitement last night nobody paid the slightest attention to you. You were there, and you disappeared. That's all. My suggestion is that we let the future take care of itself."

HIS kindness hurt. When she tried to argue, she found that she was choking over her own words. And he didn't listen anyway.

He treated her casually—as though she were merely a welcome guest. It was so easy to accept the protection he offered, so easy to take advantage of his unobtrusive chivalry. Throughout the first day she let herself relax, and the next morning he brought her the newspapers from Palmetto City and from the capital.

The Karnak correspondent had reported the bus accident, but his coverage was sketchy and not very accurate. There was no suggestion that Rosemary Walsh had been on that bus. In fact there was only a tiny item, hidden on an inside page, which mentioned Rosemary Walsh at all. That story reported that she was still at large, but there wasn't a great deal of concern about it. "You see," smiled Steve, "you're on the way to becoming the Forgotten Woman."

And so Rosemary Walsh, fugitive, became Ann Roberts, guest at Big Cypress plantation. She suggested that the field hands might talk, but Steve shrugged that aside. "If you were furtive—yes," he said. "But you're not. You'll ride with me and hunt and fish with me. So far as they're concerned, you're just a visitor, and visitors don't excite curiosity."

"Suppose it were discovered that you are sheltering me?"

"You can forget that, too. Who can prove that I know you're Rosemary Walsh? Who can prove anything except that you're a nurse named Ann Roberts whom I engaged to help me with my laboratory work?"

She knew that there must be some flaw in his argument, but he was both persuasive and charming . . . and she was young and desperately in need of a friend. It was too easy to adjust herself to this, and it was pleasant. Here on Big Cypress, in almost hourly contact with Steve, she experienced a happiness which was almost acute. It wasn't unnatural that she should let him persuade her to stay. He made it all seem plausible and right.

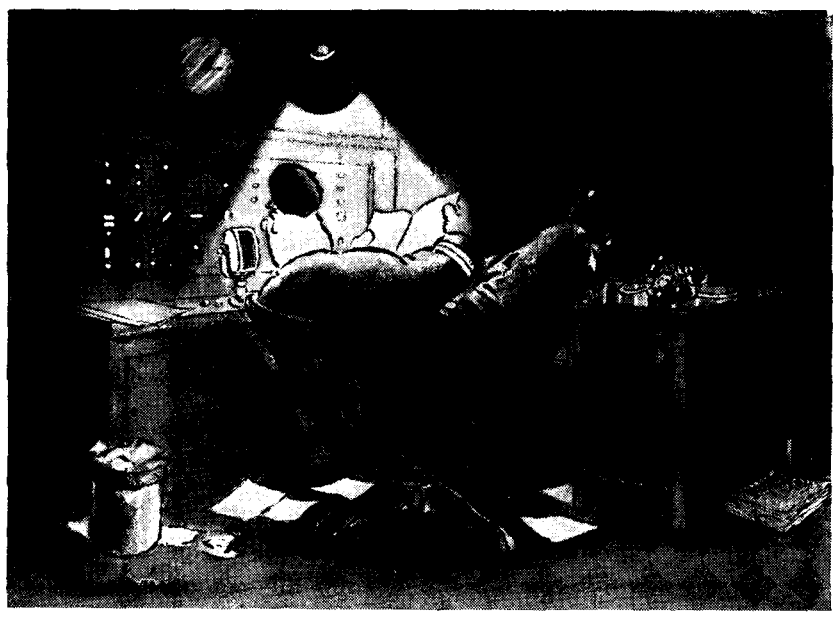
Their life was simple and pleasant and unexciting. Most of Steve's daylight hours were occupied with the thousand details of handling a sizable plantation.

He practiced medicine because he loved it. His patients were swamp angels, the malarial poor white trash who lived in Four Holes Swamp. And Negroes who looked up to him as a god. He accepted no fees and refused no calls. Once or twice, in emergencies, she helped him.

She was happier than she had ever been. They rode great distances and they swam together in the sluggish Catbill River. The two house servants—Genesis and Sarah—accepted her matter-of-factly. If they thought the situation unconventional, they gave no hint of that fact.

She ceased to count time. The days stretched into weeks and the weeks into a month. The weather had been sweltering. Then the heat wave broke and the evenings became relatively pleasant.

She enjoyed helping Sarah cater to Steve's tastes. "I'm getting to be a housekeeper," she told herself incredulously. "I'm doing so many things—and thinking so many things—that are



". . . 'and donned his robes, and with reluctant pace, went panting forth into the market place, where the great bell upon its crossbeams swung . . .' Hello, all cars, you guys still awake?"

JAY IRVING

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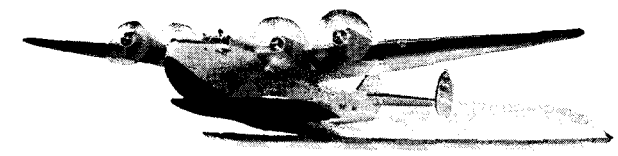

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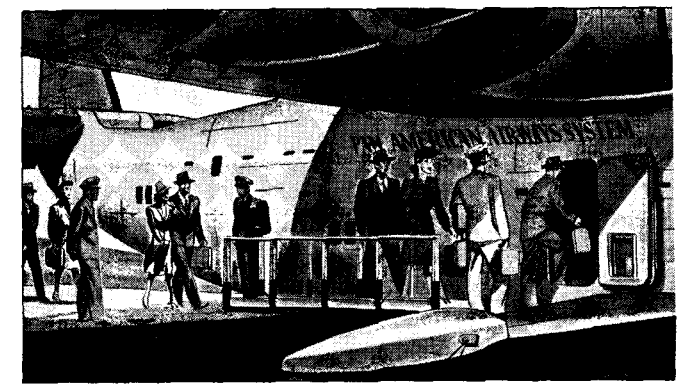

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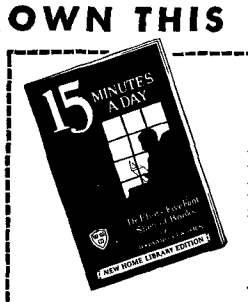

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strange to me." She was restless when he was away. On this night, for instance —knowing he wouldn't be back from Karnak for another two hours—she seated herself in a shady corner of the veranda and watched for him.

It was all very juvenile and very wonderful. It dimmed the importance of important things, and caused trivialities to assume tremendous proportions . . . so long as they involved Steve.

He came at last, and seemed preoccupied. All during dinner he talked of inconsequential things, but she sensed that something had happened in Karnak, something which bothered him. "I mustn't ask questions," she warned herself. "He'll tell—if he wants me to know."

BY NINE o'clock Sarah and Genesis had cleared the table, washed the dishes and disappeared into their cabin in the clearing. Steve lighted his pipe and said, "Let's sit on the porch."

They sat side by side in wicker chairs, looking into the night and saying nothing. Suddenly he reached over and took her hand. He'd never done anything like that before, and the effect was electric. She tried not to betray what she felt, tried not to think too much about what he might mean.

After a long time he spoke, so softly that she could scarcely hear him. He said, "I'm not awfully good at this sort of thing."

He went on, awkwardly: "I don't even know how to begin. . . . I never supposed it would be difficult to say to a girl, 'I love you.' "

She drew in her breath sharply. Of all the things she might have expected, this had been farthest from her thoughts, even though closest to her desires. She found herself thinking, "He's in love with you, Rosemary. And you're in love with him."

She heard him saying, "Surely, you're not surprised."

And her own voice, "Yes. . . ." She saw his embarrassment and hastened to add: "But it makes me happy, Steve."

"I—I couldn't help it, really," he said almost apologetically. "And I never suspected it was happening."

Simple words. Simple statement of fact. But she knew that his very awkwardness was born of deep sincerity. She said, "I love you, Steve."

They had both risen and his hands were on her shoulders. "Queer," she thought, looking up at him, "he doesn't seem to believe that I could love him. He doesn't understand that I couldn't help it, either."

He was saying, "I want to believe that, Ann."

Calling her Ann. Thinking of her as Ann Roberts, not as Rosemary Walsh. She said, simply, "It's been true almost from the first."

He drew her close and she lifted her face. His first kiss was almost apologetic.

But then, suddenly, he ceased to be apologetic. No mistaking his urgency now. She closed her eyes and forgot time. She even forgot that she was Rosemary Walsh.

Finally he released her, though with obvious reluctance. He took her by the arm and led her to a porch swing where they could sit side by side. His early shyness had vanished. He was ardent enough now, but in a different, boyish way which she loved.

Rosemary refused to let herself think. This was her night. There was no yesterday and no tomorrow. Then, after a long time, he said to her:

"We're getting married tomorrow."

Married. To belong here on Big Cypress. To stay here forever: safely, happily . . . as Mrs. Stephen Carey. She was thinking fast now—and terribly clearly.

"We'll drive into Karnak in the morning. . . ."

Something in his manner caught her up short.

She asked quietly, "What happened in town today, Steve?"

"Nothing," he said, but she knew he wasn't telling the truth.

"You must tell me," she insisted.

"Please, Ann. . . ."

"We can't start this way." She made a brave attempt to be gay. "I've learned how to take it, you know."

He looked at her steadily, and then he said, "Folks have started talking."

"About me?"

"About us." He hesitated for a moment. "I suppose I was stupid to think that they wouldn't find out that a girl was living here." He laughed sharply and without mirth. "Scandal is pretty rare in Karnak. When a good one comes along, they make the most of it."

"They suspect . . . ?"

"That you're Rosemary Walsh? Good Lord, no. They're gossiping about Ann Roberts. They're gossiping about a pretty girl who lives on a plantation with a single man. They're asking questions . . . and if they ask enough questions, they'll get some answers. Some answers we don't want them to get."

Her voice was steady:

"How would it change things if we were married?"

"They'd lose interest in Mrs. Steve Carey pretty quickly. Everything would be right and proper—and proper things aren't terribly exciting."

She smiled at him courageously and said, "I might have expected this from you."

"Expected what?"

"This last perfect gesture."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

"Let me finish, Steve. I'm the one who doesn't know just how to say it now. If I say it's splendid . . . well, that sounds awfully trite, and I don't mean it that way. I mean that it's perfect and wonderful and it makes me love you twice as much. But . . . well, it isn't in the cards, Steve."

"That doesn't make sense."

"Yes, it does. I was wrong to stay here this long, anyway. I couldn't let you tie yourself up with a girl who was . . . well, who was Rosemary Walsh. And don't be stubborn, dear. You must understand."

He said, "I understand, all right. But I don't agree."

HE TOOK her in his arms and held her close. He wasn't reticent now, or awkward, or unsure of himself. He talked . . . and because she was in his arms, she had no defense against his illogical arguments. He said, "It all adds up to the fact that I'm in love with you, Ann, and that I want to marry you. I know what you're thinking—that it'd be best if you ran away. Well, that wouldn't accomplish anything—because wherever you went, I'd follow you."

Yes, it was that way, and there was nothing she could do about it. Every few minutes she said, "Steve—please—let's be sensible about this." But he wouldn't be sensible or sane or logical. And so eventually she said yes, because it was the only thing he would permit her to say. And then he looked at her and said, "Tomorrow we'll be married. Tonight let's forget everything but ourselves."

That was easy enough to do, and so they sat there until long after midnight, until the moon had come out from behind the clouds and had silvered the tops of the stalwart pines. . . .

The next morning he was gay at breakfast, and she felt a sense of shyness before him. And as soon as they had finished the meal, he drove the coupé out of the garage and honked three times for her. "We're off," he

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chuckled as he bumped down the old road which led through the swamp toward the main highway. "Your last ride as a single gal."

They reached Karnak and rolled up Court Street to the venerable courthouse. Steve leaped out of the car. "This way, young lady," he grinned. "Weddings served à la carte or table d'hote."

Save for the clerk who greeted Steve warmly, the license bureau was deserted. "I want one of your best licenses," ordered Steve. "One that's guaranteed against wear and tear. We're getting married."

The clerk grinned and said, "Attaboy! I knew you'd fall some day, Steve."

He opened a big book and started writing the answers to printed questions. He wrote, "Carey, Stephen S.—Age 30—Born, Karnak—June 26, 1909. Father's name—" He didn't have to ask Steve for information. He knew it all.

Then he poised his pen over the lower half of the page and smiled at the bride-to-be.

"Your name?" he asked.

Her voice was low and steady. She said:

"Rosemary Walsh."

SHE heard a startled exclamation from Steve, and felt his fingers tighten painfully on her arm. But she didn't look at him. She was watching the face of the license clerk, and she saw his eyes grow wide and his jaw droop as the impact of her statement hit him.

He said, "What did you say, Miss?"

She repeated, "Rosemary Walsh."

Yes, he recognized the name all right. It was a pretty well-known name in that state. Steve was whispering something to her, but she didn't hear him. It didn't matter now, anyway. All that mattered was that she had done what she had to do.

The clerk wrote, "Rosemary Walsh," on the marriage license and seemed frightened all over again by the appearance of the name on paper. He said, "Excuse me a minute . . ." and abruptly left the office.

Steve and Rosemary looked at each other. They both understood, they were both frightened, they were both helpless.

The door opened and the license clerk came back. With him was a short, stocky man. Rosemary looked at him. He seemed vaguely familiar . . . and then she remembered. It was the man who had helped her the night of the bus accident. She heard him say, "Howdy, Steve," and then came the clerk's voice, "Look, Sheriff—they wanted to get married . . ." and he was pointing to the name he had written on the marriage license. "Rosemary Walsh."

Steve Carey was standing rigidly, his eyes cold and watchful. He started to say something but the warm, genial voice of the sheriff cut in ahead of him.

Sheriff Verner said, "Fixin' to get married, huh? Well, I reckon I got to do a little telephonin' first."

Steve was holding her tight. Waiting.

Jim Verner said, "If you'd just held off a couple of days more, Miss Walsh—I'd have been drivin' out to Big Cypress to see you."

She asked, "Why?"

"'Cause it's fun bringin' good news to folks. I reckon you don't even know that day befo' yesterday the state board approved your pardon. The governor wouldn't be likely to sign it till tomorrow, but I figure if I telephoned him right now he'd fix it up and then you-all could go ahead and get married."

She heard Steve ask, "How did it happen, Jim?"

"The pardon? I been workin' on it a long time, Steve . . . but that board, it's pow'ful slow. You see, when a lady does what this one did the night of the bus accident, why I reckon she's earned the right to live her own life. And you can bet ev'ybody in Karnak will feel the same way once they know what I know."

Now, for the first time, Rosemary felt weak and frightened. She said, "You knew all the time I was Rosemary Walsh?"

The sheriff's eyes were twinkling. "Co'se I did. And ever since then, I been checkin' up on you—just to make sure you didn't git away from Karnak before I could put this pardon through."

The sheriff dropped his hand affectionately on Steve Carey's shoulder. "It would have been all right for her to escape from me, Steve," he said. "But I wanted to be durn' sure she didn't get away from you."

"I'm sorry, but we didn't expect you to stop for the red light"

REAMER KELLER

I'm a little mad at Mildred

"This is going to be good," I tell myself, as I screw the gas-tank cap down tight on this particular tankful of Super-Shell. So I give his *Missouri* license plate a swipe with my cleanin' rag and go round to check the oil for this customer from the "Show Me" State.

His oil is both low and dirty. "Well, sir," I begin, "you sure need your oil drained and the crankcase refilled. Can I *show* you a *real* oil?"

"You'll *have* to show me." (I expected that.)

"Oil's gotta be *tough-bodied* to stand the hard going nowadays," I reason.

"How tough is your oil?" he asks me. An' that's where Mildred comes in. She's my ornery ol' mule, standing in the pasture right across the road. "Take this stick and go whack that ol' mule," I suggest.

"'Twouldn't do no good, not on her tough hide."

"That's the point," I tell him. "Golden Shell Oil is tougher than *that*.

"Now oil's gotta be fast-flowin' to get up into moving parts the instant you step on the starter. Want me to show you how really *fast-flowin'* Golden Shell is? Well, just go over an' tickle Mildred's heels. She'll show you."

By this time he's got the idea, and we're laffin' together about how you can combine *toughness* an' *flashin' action* in one oil at only 25¢ a quart.

"Drain it an' fill it," he says to me, "while I go feed Mildred an apple." An' do you know what that ol' she-devil did? She up an' *bit* my new customer!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

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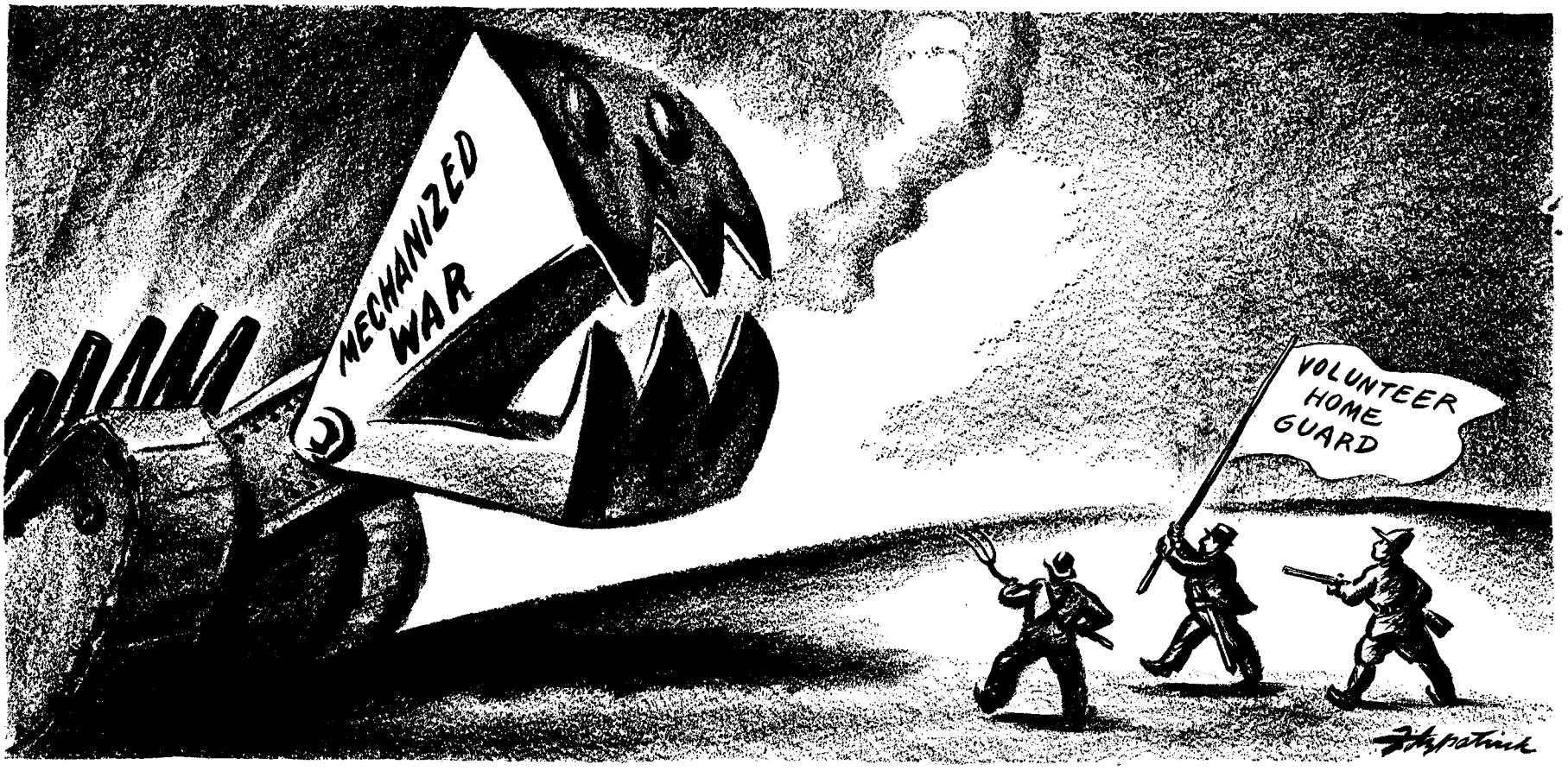

The Price of Peace

THE American people, we estimate, are 98% united on the proposition that, come what may, we will not go into another European war.

American opinion at this time goes further than that. It is 98% (we estimate) united also on the proposition that the only kind of war we will fight in the now-foreseeable future will be a war brought on us by some other nation; that we will start no wars.

So it behooves us to take thought of the price of peace for our country in our time. How can we keep this peace, and at what cost?

It will not keep itself. That certainty has been amply demonstrated in the last few years by Manchuria, Ethiopia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, China, Poland.

Those countries' and ex-countries' assorted experiences since 1931 have served to blast two notions that used to be very popular notions in the United States. One of these was that nobody will pick on a country which sincerely loves peace and, to prove it, lets its weapons rust. The other was best expressed by William Jennings Bryan—that if this country should be attacked a million men would spring to arms overnight to boot out the attacker.

Let's say the final, regretful "rest in peace" over those two lovely old pacifist fallacies, and do some hardpan thinking and some realistic acting about national defense in today's world of piratical dictators and fanatic ideologies. A democratic nation that neglects its defenses is asking for it—"it" meaning every misery which a tyrant leading a people hopped up with hatred and hunger can wreak on a weaker nation.

As we see it, the defense arm most neglected since the World War has been the Army.

Our Navy, of course, went to seed in the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations; and the Navy is our first line of defense. But thanks to the present Administration, and it's a pleasure to say so, our Navy now is tuned up to high efficiency, almost adequate personnel and fair strength. It is not a two-ocean Navy, whereas it should be if we mean our talk about defending this hemisphere against Europe's and Asia's assorted political and economic diseases. But it is a splendid one-ocean Navy, with a few ships to spare for the other ocean.

Our air fighters and their planes, as detailed by W. B. Courtney in a recent issue of Collier's, are the world's best, though we could safely invest in a lot more of them.

The Army is in a different state. Yet the Army would become our first line of defense if the Navy were disabled or if a war found most of our fighting ships in the wrong ocean.

At this writing, only 17,000 of the new Garand semiautomatic rifles have reached our soldiers. The Army has only a thimbleful of modern antitank and antiaircraft guns. Some of our coast-defense guns are curios, others insufficiently manned for anything more than a comic-opera war.

The Army is short on searchlights, radio equipment, heavy artillery, combat cars for mechanized units. The Army air force essentially needs a fleet of superbombers—somewhere around 500 of them, if, again, we mean what we say about hemisphere defense.

But these are not the worst of the Army's deficiencies. Fighting machines can be built in factories. Fighting men, trained in the operation of today's fighting machines and conditioned to learn quickly about tomorrow's, have to be instructed thoroughly and in large numbers each year if a nation is to have enough of them for emergencies.

We don't do that, systematically. Our standing Army is extremely small for our size as a nation—we have yet to reach the figure of 280,000 prescribed by the National Defense Act. Our National Guard is made up of a lot of earnest and brave young men, many of whom have to call their two weeks each year in camp their vacations in order to stay on the good side of their civilian employers. But this year's Plattsburg and Manassas war games showed that civilians, with the best will in the world, cannot become even fair fighting men in the training time required of United States militiamen.

The Civilian Conservation Corps—CCC—has been consistently denied even the most elemental training, although it has provided sound peace discipline for a few hundred thousand young men. Our World War veterans are none of them getting any younger. Our Officers' Reserve Corps of about 100,000 men has "glaring defects" in organization and methods, according to Gen. Johnson Hagood's masterly book "We Can Defend America;" while our enlisted reserve system, according to the same authority, is simply "unnecessary."

What we need, somehow, is to create a large and continuously renewed reservoir of men trained in the fundamentals of modern warfare, so that they can snap quickly into military effectiveness if need be. Bryan's million men, and then some, would no doubt spring up if the United States were invaded. But what we need are a million or more men, trained and disciplined, who can do some real fighting.

What is the best way to accomplish this urgently needed result? Inducements for large-scale voluntary short-term enlistments? Yearly selection of a lot of Grade-A CCC boys for military instruction? Some system of generally required training for American young men, even?

We don't claim to know the one and only correct answer. But of this we are convinced: That the time has come for Americans to figure out the price of peace for themselves, their homes and their country, and to begin to pay that price as they go along, with cheerfulness and determination.

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